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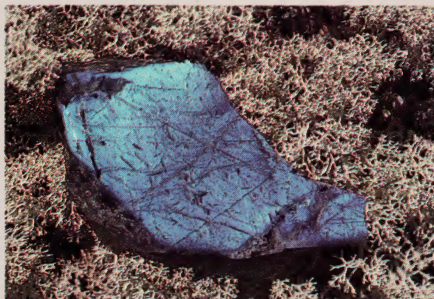


COVER STORY

Rita MacNeil's success may seem unreal to her, but the singer-songwriter from Big Pond, Cape Breton, has an all-ages cult following and long-term concert bookings. She comes home to re-charge and write more of the songs that are full of her unique empathy with people.

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COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE WOTTON



GEMS

Words and photos don't do justice to Labradorite, the magic lustrous blue gem that's found in large quantities near Nain, Labrador. Careful marketing could bring wider use of the stone in building materials as well as in jewelry settings.

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TRAVEL

Atlantic Canadians stave off winter by planning escapes to tropical beaches and ocean cruises — anywhere, as long as it's sunny. It may end up costing more than they anticipated and not always live up to their dreams, but the annual migration continues to Florida, Jamaica, Barbados, Cuba and Spain.

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FOOD

Latkes, kreplach, challah, rugelach — special foods of the Jewish winter festival of Chanukah are made from recipes passed down through generations. A noted Halifax cook shares her secrets.

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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Atlantic Canada on TV: can we see more of ourselves?

In Regina the other day I turned on the TV in the hotel room and caught a glimpse of Atlantic Canada. It was that ad for Anacin, and for a few seconds you see Lunenburg in the background as the town's residents testify that they have tried it and they liked it.

I realize that in the last few months we've seen more of Lunenburg on television than any other community in the region — thanks to Anacin. And, when you think of it, since they're using that commercial right across the country, people in Saskatchewan are seeing almost as much of us as we are.

Of course that's an exaggeration. We see news and information about ourselves on the supper hour shows and the regional news shows. CBC has a few region-wide shows still like *Land and Sea* and *Switchback*. Occasionally there's a major drama with Atlantic Canadian content shown across the country — like *Anne of Green Gables* in early December and the comedy *Labour of Love* shot in Chatham, N.B., which was shown in mid-November. But, apart from news and public affairs, this region is close to invisible on our own television stations. We are offering hundreds of hours of American programs set in all parts of the United States, on Canadian and American stations alike, for every one that is identifiably our own.

Things are different in some other parts of Canada. Quebec has the great advantage of French-language programming done at home by the CBC, and by some privately-owned networks as well. On top of that, Quebec's provincial government spends \$70 million a year on an educational television network. Radio-Quebec is educational in the same way that American public television is educational; some programs are intended for specific educational use, but much of it is Quebec-oriented general-interest programming.

Quebec is not the only province with a serious role in television. Ontario has its own educational television network, TVOntario, and it spends about \$45 million a year on producing and distributing its programs across the province. Alberta too has its own educational television stations.

And Atlantic Canada? Our educational television consists of one hour per weekday on CBC, 9:30 to 10:30 a.m., in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. (New Brunswick, of course, still doesn't have an English-language CBC television station.) As a condition of getting its license from the federal broadcasting

authorities, the Atlantic Satellite network was required to provide four hours during daytime hours for educational television programs controlled by provincial educational officials.

In addition, every cable system in the region is required to set aside one channel for educational use on the basic service. In Newfoundland, Memorial University has made use of this channel in St. John's with programming which is partly planned by the university, and partly in response to requests from viewers. In Truro, N.S., the vocational school operates the educational channel on that community's cable network. In Halifax, Mount Saint Vincent University uses the Halifax educational channel.

But all this community effort is severely hampered by the fact that no one has much money to actually produce our own videos and programs. Nova Scotia spends \$40,000 (not counting staff time) producing educational television programming. Other provinces spend less.

All of us know how powerful television and film are as media of communication. We all understand how that image of Atlantic Canada as a sunny, colorful fishing port will stick in people's minds across Canada. When that's the only glimpse of this region they catch, it's not surprising that they get a stereotyped view of this part of the country. Perhaps more important, we ourselves suffer from not seeing ourselves in this medium. Not knowing ourselves, it is more difficult for us to understand and appreciate our qualities and strengths.

Elsewhere in Canada, governments have taken some modest steps towards having a presence for their region on television through educational television channels. Even Maine has its own, though you don't see much of Maine on Maine Public Broadcasting.

Where would the money for this come from? One source which provinces have already started to tap is cable television. Subscriptions to cable TV are now taxed. In fact television and movies generate large revenues for the owners of these media, and most of the money now flows out of the region.

We know from our experience here at *Atlantic Insight* how much Atlantic Canadians appreciate high-interest and high-quality material about this region and its people. Isn't it time for the governments of the region to think seriously about how we can have a stronger presence on our television screens?

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

Clarification from Chevy

It was with great interest that members of our club read *The love affair with old cars* by Francis Moran, (Sept. '85). However, there are several points which require clarification. The quotation attributed to Don Langille of our club was taken totally out of context and was in fact made by me. The statement was condensed from a longer statement that said Chevrolet had a conservative image with the youth market in 1954, and it was they who called it an "old man's car." In 1955 Chevrolet took positive action to capture the youth segment of sales with a new design and an aggressive racing-oriented ad campaign. Also, Chevrolet was not the first to develop one horsepower per cubic inch. It was, however, the first to heavily promote this as a selling point, so that the public generally thought them to be the first. The article also states that the Corvette dominated stock-car racing. Not true. Although the Corvette did evolve as a world-class sportscar in those years, it was the passenger car Chevrolet that competed in stock car racing. As a personal opinion I would also like to mention that unlike Ken Eden, I spend much more money on my hobby than a typical skier. I also don't agree that we live in "the toughest place on earth for this sport" as Eric Davidson has said. Our club receives correspondence regularly from various other Classic Chevy chapters from as far away as New Zealand, England, and Norway, and these enthusiasts often pay several times more than us to finish their cars, and endure other extremes of climate that can be just as damaging. After being our guest for the entire Classic Chevy Weekend and getting to know our members, I'm sure Mr. Moran would agree that it was never our intention to belittle anyone else's choice of cars. On the contrary, car shows and the like in this area owe their existence to the comradeship that exists between the various clubs. Actually many of our members also own antiques or street rods and belong to other clubs. With a little more care in assembling your article I feel that any possible misunderstanding could have been avoided. Your printing of this letter will help to clarify the points in question.

Jeff Kempton, President
Classic Chevy Club Of Nova Scotia
Halifax

Another Winner

The special report by Francis Moran, *The love affair with old cars* was of great interest and did an excellent job of profiling the varied individuals and antique car collectors in Atlantic Canada. There is however another deserving individual to mention who won the BFGoodrich Best Canadian Award at the CSRA (Canadian Street Rod Association) MiniNats East in Montague, P.E.I. — the winner was Mr. Perley Wilkins of Fredericton, N.B. for

his superb 1934 Chevrolet Master.

Bert Coates
BFGoodrich Tire Group
Kitchener, Ont.

In defence of teachers

You have printed at least two letters from "teacher-bashers," maybe you should print one from a teacher. Yes, teachers have high salaries — maybe even too high. Yes, our union is powerful — maybe even too powerful. However, contrary to what anyone may think, every teacher firmly believes that she/he is there for the student and the student is the priority. As for the so-called "easy life" that teachers lead, yes, we do have two months summer holiday. But, wasn't the school year always set up that way? Yes, we do have statutory holidays; so does everyone else. And on the really bad storm days, banks and businesses have been known to close, too. Anyone who believes that teaching is easy should try it for one week and experience first-hand the pressure of preparing lessons for as many as three or four different courses. They should go into these classes every day and face 130 or more different students and try to make those classes interesting and stimulating so that students will be motivated to learn. Many people also do not seem to be aware that the teacher's day does not start at 8:30 and end at 3:30. A teacher works every night of the school year — tests, quizzes, exams to make up and mark, homework to prepare and mark, and lesson plans to prepare. People also tend to ignore or forget the many extra hours teachers spend on extra-curricular activities such as coaching sports teams, helping with school clubs or functions, organizing school trips. It is unfortunate that so many people, in their eagerness to criticize teachers' salaries and holidays, lose a sense of the scope and magnitude of the teacher's job.

Diane Powell
Wentworth Station, N.S.

Best deal in town?

L. LeBlanc wrote *Feedback*, Oct. '85 supporting Larry Andrews who criticized the life of teachers. She states, "My salary will be over \$30,000 for being in the classroom around 197 days." To be exact her salary will be \$38,760. She neglected to say that we are usually home before 4 p.m. and can roll over and go back to sleep during storms. I agree that "It's the best deal in town," but can we afford such a deal?

T. Brown
Kent Co., N.B.

Too negative

I have subscribed to *Atlantic Insight* for about a year now and have a bone to pick with you concerning your publication's content. Your pages are dominated by negatives. Period. The following represents a sampling of your October

1985 issue projecting the image of a poor and down-trodden people with more than our share of troubles from shipyards to fishermen, to even cemeteries in shambles. Some titles are: *Shipyards poker: a desperate industry with a losing hand; Cod doesn't show up, debt net closes on fishermen; The disrespectful thieves who skulk in Island cemeteries; A scorching in the gas patch*, etc... Your material is almost too well-researched detailing our many problems. Well, this Atlantic Canadian need not invest \$1.95 in your publication to read in detail of our troubles. All I need do is turn on the radio or TV for this information. Surely your professional staff can come up with many more positive items to include in the reams of negatives which dominate your magazine's pages. If not, perhaps *Atlantic Doldrums* might be a better title for your publication.

David G. Brown
Fredericton

A great Guy

I applaud your format in reserving the last for the best. Ray is quite a Guy. He has the ability to make you laugh or bring a catch to your throat. He is equally at home spelling a kaffe of starrigans over the barrens! Long may your big jib haul Ray! So, in deference to *Insight*, I raises me glass and I bows toward ye!

Ralph Gover
Sooke, B.C.

If I should die...

Please extend my subscription to 1990. Should I kick the bucket before then, send my subscription to the government in Ottawa, as it would appear they desperately need educating in regards to the Atlantic Provinces.

Eric Heard
Halifax

Sad state of juvenile rehabilitation centres

After reading your article regarding the terrible plight of Alonzo Corcoran, (Nfld. Report, Sept. '85) I could not help but wonder about the emotional and physical conditions of our provincial juvenile rehabilitation centres. I immediately began to seriously question the qualifications and morality of the personnel who administer and staff these institutions. How is it possible that a government funded institution, whose purpose is to assist in the rehabilitation of our troubled youth, can be permitted to subject children to such an archaic and debilitating environment? Is there not a governing body which oversees the proper upkeep of such facilities and most importantly ensures the protection and care of the children who reside inside these walls? It seems to me that subjecting a child to a punishing environment for what Sharon Callaghan described as severe

behavioral problems is not only nonsensical but extremely detrimental to both the child and society. If the Whitbourne School for Boys is any indication of the present condition of our provincial juvenile rehabilitation centres, I dare say we, as a society, are in a sad state of affairs. I'm afraid simply sinking \$500,000 into physical renovations just won't cut it!

*Patrick Morrisette
Provo, Utah*

N.S. star in the NHL

I am writing to you to express my dismay and disappointment at your article on Atlantic Canadians in the NHL. While I was delighted to see our Atlantic players receive the deserved recognition for their success in the NHL, I was hurt by your writer's failure to include another Atlantic player — Lowell MacDonald from the small town of Thorburn, N.S. He had some great years in the NHL, including his winning of the Masterton Trophy '72-'73. He finished third in the league's rating for the All-Star left wingers with a total of 43 goals and had 301 points in a total of 415 games going into the '75-'76 NHL season.

*Kevin Dewtie
Thorburn, N.S.*

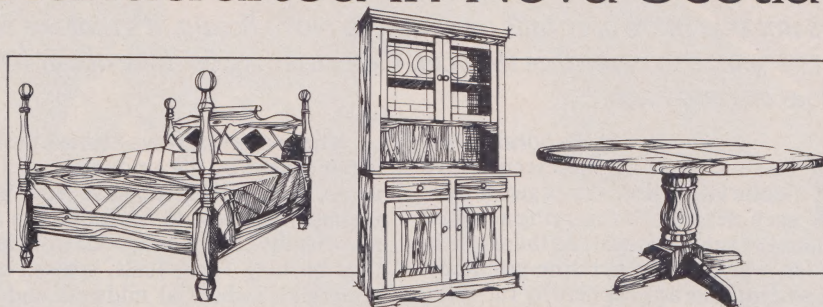
Our boy made it too

Re the cover story of October's issue of your magazine *East Coasters in the NHL*, I don't know the objective of Pat Connolly's story. If it were to "focus in" on the contribution made to the NHL by Canadian East Coast hockey players, I am very disappointed in the article. You may ask why? I live in a small east coast Newfoundland town (pop. approx. 3,000), Clarenville. All the citizens of this town are so proud of "Our Boy" who progressed through the minor hockey system here and in 1977 was drafted by the Toronto Maple Leafs. I am referring to Robert (Bob) Gladney. Bob played with the Saginaw Gears (IHL), Moncton Hawks (AHL), New Haven Night Hawks (AHL), Baltimore Skipjacks (AHL), Los Angeles Kings (NHL), and the Pittsburgh Penguins (NHL). It was while he was playing with the Pittsburgh Penguins that he received a serious eye injury which eventually brought his seven-year hockey career to an end. Yes, Newfoundland is on the east coast of Canada and our small community, Clarenville, in particular, has contributed to the NHL.

*Austin F. Greening
Clarenville, Nfld.*

Connolly replies: "The story focus was really on present-day Atlantic Canadians in the NHL. As a result, the names of about two dozen East Coast players with both short and extended NHL careers over the past 30 years weren't included. Among them, fine talents like Gladney, Lowell MacDonald, Hilliard Graves and Bob Stewart, to name a few, would be appropriate subject material for another time."

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The continent's worst acid rain

It's not that more acid falls on southern Nova Scotia, it's that the soil is too sparse to neutralize the acid. Can anything be done about it? Does anybody care?

by Deborah Jones

The surface of the quiescent Nova Scotia lake is dotted by a gentle rain, each clear droplet carrying a minute amount of sulphuric acid. As the rain continues, washing out airborne pollutants spewed into the atmosphere by far-flung industries, the lake's pH level decreases imperceptibly. The death of its inhabitants edges closer, unnoticed in a province which complacently regards acid rain as someone else's concern.

But when a recent report indicated that Nova Scotia has the worst acid rain problem in North America, some people were jarred into an uncomfortable awareness of it. The study, released in late summer at an international conference on acid rain in Ontario, precipitated a flurry of qualifications by Nova Scotia authorities and renewed perennial debates about how serious acid rain is.

About 93 per cent of the Nova Scotia lakes studied are already acidic or on the verge of becoming acidic, said the report by geochemist Dr. Dean Jeffries of the federal National Water Research Institute. His analysis was based on information from about 200 Nova Scotia lakes tested. About 51 per cent of them are totally incapable of neutralizing any added acid, reported Jeffries. "We also found that 42 per cent of the lakes had highly sensitive waters with a small ability to neutralize acid," he said in an interview.

Acidic water can't nurture most aquatic life. The tiny animals which munch leaves and other debris into bite-sized pieces that bacteria can handle, the creatures at the very base of the food chain, expire first, scientists theorize. Over time fish eggs fail to hatch. Mature fish deprived of nutrients begin eating each other and eventually starve. Some fish suffocate from a chemical reaction caused by the acid or die slowly as the acidic water leaches minerals from their bodies through membranes in gills. The lake water drains into waterways wending towards the ocean. Spawning grounds in the rivers become lethal to the fish struggling upstream from the sea.

At least 13 Nova Scotia rivers known to have once harbored salmon are now so acidic — with a pH of less than 4.7 — the fish cannot survive at all. In a further 18 rivers with a pH of less than 5.0, 90 per cent of the salmon population has died, according to information from the federal Department of Fisheries and Oceans. Neutral water has a pH of 7.0.

The severity of Nova Scotia's problem is not caused by the amount of acid rain it gets, which is relatively little. Nova Scotia is simply less able to neutralize the acid, say scientists. Sulphur dioxide from industries burning fossil fuels, spewed up in America's industrial midwest and to a lesser degree the northeastern states and central Canada, is carried here by air currents. It turns to sulphuric acid when mixed with rainwater. In southwestern Nova Scotia and pockets of Cape Breton where alkaline minerals are rare, resistance to acid depositions is alarmingly weak.

The severity of Nova Scotia's problem is not caused by the amount of acid rain it gets. Nova Scotia is simply less able to neutralize the acid

"Nova Scotia has the most sensitive waters," said Jeffries, "because it has a large amount of terrain which is extremely sensitive. It has a small amount of soil, or none at all in places, overlying a very resistant kind of bedrock. The terrain does not weather or dissolve very easily, and provides poor ability to neutralize the acid."

"Nova Scotia's bones aren't covered with a great deal of soil," explains Dalhousie University biologist Gordon Ogden, who minces few words in condemning widespread apathy in the province over the issue. He notes that for three decades he's unsuccessfully sought funding for studies of the provincial situation.

Nova Scotia's acid rain is widely ignored, perhaps because the province contributes so little of it. What does belch out of mainly coal-fired power generators blows away over the Atlantic Ocean; out of sight, out of mind. When Nova Scotia participated in an agreement this spring between the New England states and eastern Canadian provinces to reduce emissions, Premier Buchanan stated that Nova Scotia "does not have an acid rain prob-

lem." The province also participated in an acid rain agreement early this year with environment ministers from Ottawa and other eastern provinces to reduce regional emissions over the next ten years by 2.3 million tonnes. Nova Scotia Environment Minister George Moody committed the province to reducing its emissions from 220,000 to 204,000 tonnes, although he noted that the local contribution goes "into the atmosphere over the ocean."

Moody also dubbed the study by Jeffries "alarmist." Dr. John Underwood, an environmental analyst working for Moody's department, agreed with Jeffries that the sensitivity of some lakes "is extreme," but cautioned against extrapolating his study to the whole province. A different study of another 200 lakes, that he worked on with Ogden, showed 12 per cent of them to be acidic. Each of an estimated 10,000 lakes in the province, or a representative sample of them, would need testing for a full picture, said Underwood.

The debate spawned by the Jeffries study mirrors the wider controversy on acid rain in North America. But while new acid rain envoys appointed by Canada and the United States grapple with how severe it is, recent indications that emissions into the atmosphere are decreasing — for unknown reasons — have led to some optimism.

But even if emissions are diminishing — and most observers doubt that it's happening significantly — no one knows how much of the existing damage can be repaired. "If a lake lost its fish population because it's gone acid, it's conceivable that it would recover chemically. But the fish won't reappear magically," Jeffries observes.

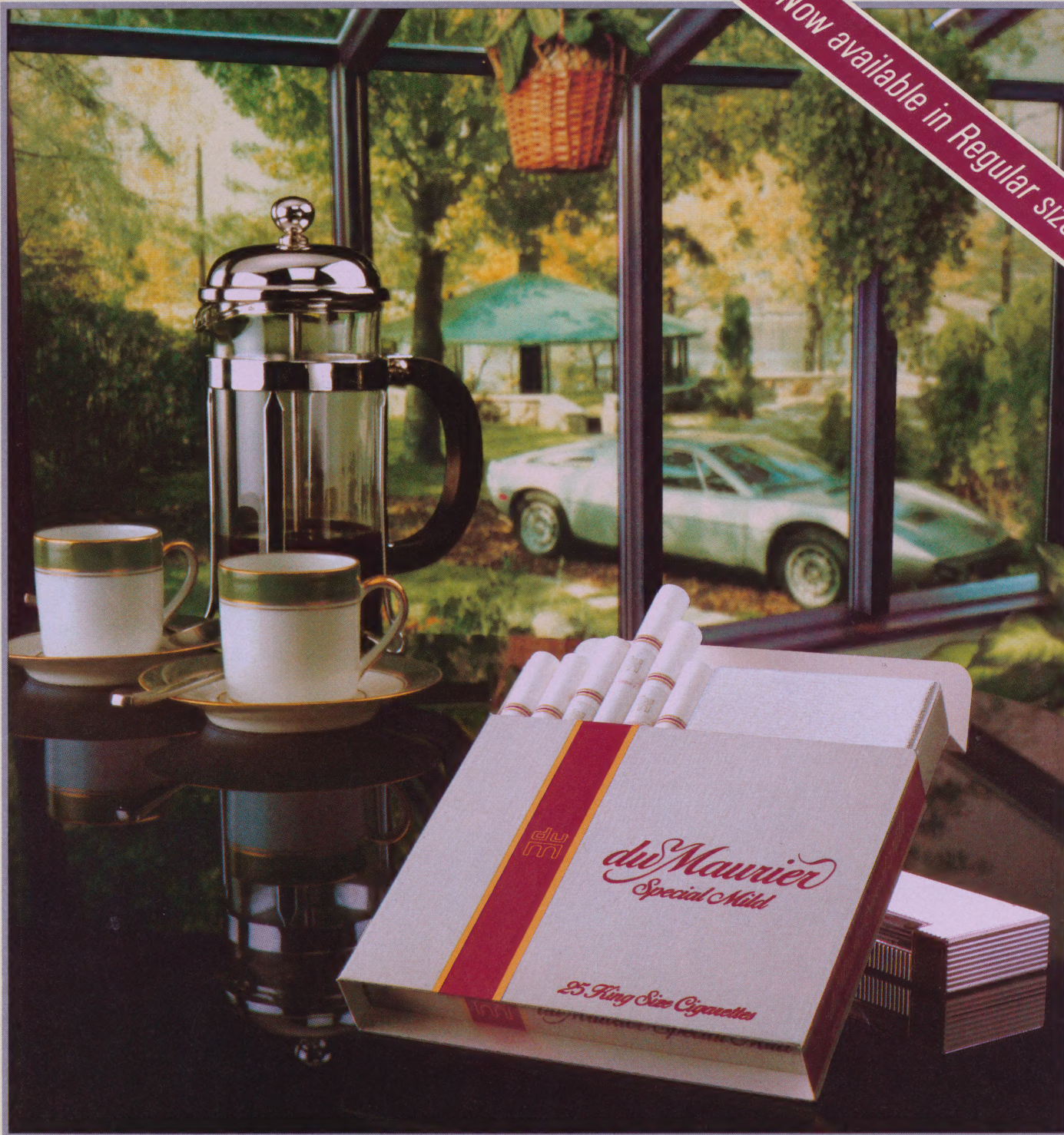
Some Scandinavian countries have damage control programs, where lime is dumped on the frozen surfaces of lakes each winter to help neutralize the acid with an alkaline substance. That's not a viable solution in Nova Scotia, says Underwood, because there's so much rain here "the water flushes through the system so rapidly that you'd be out there liming two or three times a year."

But Ogden says there are some measures that Nova Scotia could take if the will only existed. He adds bitterly, "it's not politically profitable for any of our leaders to push for restorative technology... my suggestion is to take specific headwaters and simply install limestone reefs where God forgot to. We have the experience of the Scandinavians, and the opportunity to do something — yet we're not doing anything."

Sweden spends \$15 million (Canadian) annually to combat acid rain damage, adds Ogden. "You could put the Canadian effort in your eye and not shed a tear."

Ominously, he adds, "we have many lakes for which I predict sterility within 10 years."

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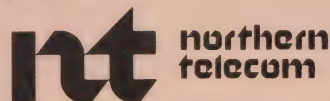


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NEW BRUNSWICK

Birth defects and a new chemical hazard

Agricultural chemicals are contaminating some wells in the Saint John River Valley. Scientists see an "association" between this and some birth defects. The contamination is deep. How dangerous is it?

by Roger Bill

People in New Brunswick's potato belt have stopped drinking their well water. Cindy and Jeff den Otter of Jacksonville stopped last summer. Pauline and Robert Cristensen of New Denmark stopped this summer. Throughout the fertile Saint John River Valley people are becoming increasingly worried.

This summer the provincial health department released the results of a year-long testing program of 300 wells. They found high rates of chemical contamination. The den Otter and Cristensen wells had nitrates at levels above the recommended limits. Other wells had aldicarb and ethylene thiourea. All three substances have been linked to birth defects. All three are found in the agricultural chemicals used in the potato industry. The non-profit Conservation Council of New Brunswick calls the problem a "potential environmental disaster."

The well water test results heightened concerns that were first raised in the spring by a task force headed by Dr. J. Donald Hatcher, then dean of medicine at Dalhousie University in Halifax. The Hatcher task force, composed of medical scientists, reported that they had found an "association" between exposure to agricultural chemicals and one category of birth defects, spina bifida. The study was launched three years ago primarily to see if there was a link between New Brunswick's high rate of birth defects and the massive aerial spruce budworm spray program. What the task force found shifted the focus from the forests to the farms.

The den Otter home is surrounded by potato fields that are heavily fertilized and sprayed. Last year New Brunswick farmers bought 300,000 kg. of pesticides. They also bought 55,000 tons of nitrogen-based fertilizer and applied it at the rate of a ton per acre of potatoes. "When I got the test results they told me I should dig a deeper well," says Jeff den Otter. "I drilled through 60 feet of bedrock and went down a total of 100 feet on the second well, but it's contaminated too." For the den Otter family the problem isn't surface runoff during the growing season. Their problem is deeper in the ground water and it's long term.

Pauline Cristensen's problem is immediate. She was pregnant when they got the well water test results. "My doctor was quite upset at the time, but he said whatever damage was done was already done. All we can do now is wait till it's born, the baby."

Provincial government officials in Fredericton are less concerned than the people in the potato belt. They aren't convinced that the levels of contamination are excessive. They aren't convinced that the source of the pollution is agrochemicals. And they aren't convinced that it is linked to birth defects. The former provincial health minister, Charles Gallagher, is typical. "I'm concerned, but I'm not alarmed," he told CBC Radio's *Sunday Morning*, which reported on the situation in September.

Scientists are currently studying the association between birth defects and agrochemicals. Dalice Tomlinson of Piccadilly already has her mind made up. Three years ago her daughter Hayley was born with spina bifida. "Ever since she was born I said it was all them sprays, I always did." Dalice Tomlinson also points to another family a few miles away with a spina bifida baby.

Arthurette is the home of Rebecca Hollins, also three and paralyzed from the waist down. Her mother, Bonnie, says she has always been around the spray, beginning with DDT when she was a child. Rebecca's father, Clinton, thinks that "someday they will probably link it with some kind of aerial spray."

Families with paralyzed children say there is a link between chemical sprays and birth defects. The Hatcher task force says there is an "association." Charles Gallagher says: "Are the soils contaminated? You can make just as good a guess at that as I."

Scientists continue to conduct studies, but it will take a rock-hard conclusion on somebody's part to convince the New Brunswick government and the agricultural industry that there is a link between agrochemicals and birth defects. Given the New Brunswick government's constant refusal to consider that budworm sprays might be a hazard, the chances of proving to its satisfaction that birth defects are linked to agrochemicals are pretty slim.

Insult and injury in the arts world over funding policy

Arms-length policy or hands-on approach to allocating arts dollars? That's the dilemma in Newfoundland. The continued debate is causing slow death for the provincial Arts Council

by Peter Gard
The proper way to kill a seal, according to the Newfoundland and Labrador Arts Council's acting executive director, Chris Brookes, is to club it squarely on the head. Says Brookes, "you don't go torturing the seal to death over a three-month period."

The seal Brookes has in mind is Newfoundland's five-year-old arts council. The slow bruise is Culture, Recreation and Youth minister Bill Matthews whose mid-summer decision to freeze council funds brought the council, by this fall, to the edge of extinction. Brookes marked the council's impending bankruptcy in a confrontational style honed by years of political theatre: he held a turkey raffle that netted the council \$350 over the Thanksgiving weekend.

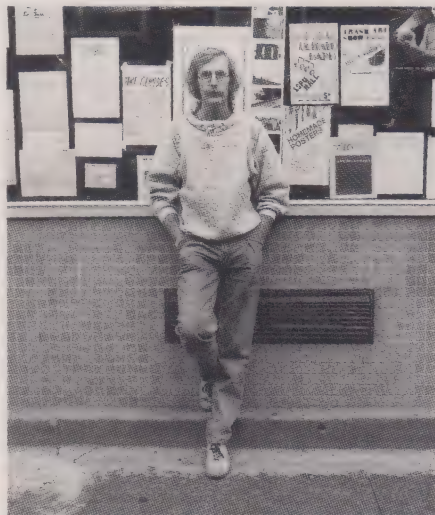
By the following Thursday council staff had been warned that a shop-closing was imminent and Brookes, angry at yet another ministerial delay, claimed Matthews had a "you can rot in hell" attitude to the council's future. An eleventh hour reprieve on the Friday did little to mollify the council's acting director. "All he (Matthews) has done is put the council back into the state it was before he turned off the tap," claimed Brookes angrily. "He hasn't said he won't do it again. I think he owes the artists of the province an apology."

Matthews, for his part, is far from amused by Brookes' publicity-grabbing shenanigans. "I find it ironic," he says, "that the publicity that is coming out is coming from a council employee. It bothers me that the tail is wagging the dog. The council should be giving direction to its staff, not the staff to the council." Matthews' contention is that the council ceased to exist in mid-August, by which time six of the council's 12-member board had resigned in protest over the government's failure to provide adequate funding. Matthews also contends that the council no longer represents the arts community. "There is a fair division," he says, "the atmosphere is one of distrust."

Matthews has had plenty of firsthand experience of that distrust since he became minister in April. On August 8, he offered to mediate in a dispute that was rapidly dividing the arts community into two factions. The dispute began when the council's board, finding their funding frozen

for the fifth straight year, balked at the news that two competing arts funds — the three-year-old Publishers' Assistance and the one-year-old Sustaining Funds Program — had, together, received a handsome budgetary increase and now, collectively, received more money than the council.

Insult was added to injury in that Publishers' Assistance and Sustaining Funds resulted from the lobbying efforts of special interest groups who felt slighted by the arts council's preference for indigenous material.



Brookes: accused of shenanigans

Matthews' attempt to bring all parties together at the bargaining table ended in a stalemate. The Newfoundland Publishers' Association was adamant that it wanted to keep its independent fund. Sustaining Funds groups agreed to an amalgamation only if they retain control of funding criteria. The council wanted the money allocated first and the criteria worked out later.

Ken Pittman, long-time council director, says of this summer's futile round of meetings and confrontations, "You had an erosion of principle, and the principle here is critical. If the arts community sees that the most money is got by direct appeals, that defeats the council's arms-length approach to funding." Pittman is one of many who feels that the real issue has always been one of inadequate funding. The council's budget has never exceeded \$200,000 — a paltry 34 cents-per-

capita expenditure which is a third of the per capita amount spent by tiny P.E.I. and a tenth of what is received, on a per capita basis, by Manitoba artists. The average Newfoundland Arts Council grant is for under \$1000 — this in an age when a theatre company's annual operating budget can easily exceed \$200,000. Adds Brookes, of the council's funding process, "Each meeting it's like the miracle of the loaves and fishes." Says Pittman, "A workable budget would be \$325,000; an adequate budget, \$500,000. Each year that we submitted our budget, the Department complimented us on how vividly we drew out our figures."

Critics of the council, too, are numerous. Many artists feel that the council, during Pittman's four years as executive director (Pittman is currently on a one-year leave of absence) placed undue emphasis on supporting works which reflected Newfoundland's indigenous culture. In addition, sixty per cent of the council's budget was directed towards arts promotion rather than grants. This left the council open to the accusation that it was administratively cumbersome. In retrospect, a number of council decisions were unfortunate, in particular, its decision to keep consultation processes to the minimum, and its decision to postpone an overall policy review which might have come up with a definition of "indigenous culture" and "arms-length funding" satisfactory to all parties.

Last month's unfreezing of council funds is by no means a sign that the situation has returned to normal. Matthews, for once, has come to the conclusion that arms-length agencies are an outdated concept. "If you survey European countries," he says, "you find that governments are getting away from agencies like the Arts Council. Governments want a more hands-on approach." Current trends in government funding are towards programs which appeal to an easily identifiable block of voters and which meet well-defined needs, needs such as a school arts program, tourist promotion, curriculum development, or the need for representative art in public buildings.

The recent success of the arts in Newfoundland, too, may have added to the council's woes. With three dance troupes, six book publishers, 22 amateur and professional theatre companies and more than 600 individuals listed in the council's most recent directory it's unlikely an agency of even double the council's size could manage to represent divergent interests to everyone's satisfaction. On the other hand, without an effective lobbying agent it is by no means certain that the taps will stay on when it comes to government funding. By circumventing the council and seeking "special case" funding directly from the government, some arts groups in the province may well find later that they have hoisted themselves up by their own petard. ☒

A soup kitchen in the Garden Province

"I was shocked," says a volunteer. "It's spooky to think that with so much food around people are actually hungry"

by Jim Cluett

Past Charlottetown's gleaming Confederation Centre of the Arts, and just across from the legislative buildings, a back alley off Richmond Street is crowded with people standing in line for a free meal. One man says he used to eat food from garbage cans. He's just one of the 150 people who come regularly to Charlottetown's soup kitchen, opened barely a year ago.

"You could always get a crust of bread or something out there," he explains. "I used to live by the skin of my teeth... just scrape up a meal here and there. But this soup kitchen is God's gift from heaven, that's what I say." The Upper Room, as the soup kitchen is known, caters to anyone, no questions asked.

"We've got single parent families, children, senior citizens, down-and-outers, even students," says Bill Campbell, who works for Employment and Immigration Canada as a payroll specialist and volunteers his time to help out at the Upper Room. "I used to mock this organization," he says openly. "I said, 'You guys are crazy. There's nobody from Ethiopia walking around this town. There's nobody starving. Everyone's overweight.' But I was ignorant. I had no idea what poverty is."

Mary is one of the regulars at the Upper Room who knows plenty about poverty. The 30-year-old woman lives alone with her 2¹/₂-year old son. Before the Upper Room opened she was desperate. "Lots of days, I just didn't eat," she remembers. "We always had skimpy meals but I made sure he got enough," she adds, pointing to the child.

Her only income is from the provincial department of health and social services. She says out of the \$213 a month given to her for personal expenses, she's only got \$125 left for food. She and her son eat most of their meals at the Upper Room.

Steve McQuaid of the department of health and social services is no stranger to poverty either. The director of field services deals with nearly 9,000 Island residents who now receive welfare payments. His programs cost taxpayers almost \$19 million a year, and still it doesn't seem to be enough.

"In times of economic slowdown the basic needs of people become greater," McQuaid explains. "But the resources that are available to agencies are less. Even so I think our welfare rates are comparable with the other Atlantic provinces."

Comparable or not, many recipients

say it's just not enough. "It's a laugh!" says Alfred over lunch at the Upper Room. "Welfare doesn't take care of you. In my opinion they just pay the rent and give you a few dollars to get by. You can't live on money from welfare." The middle-aged former fisherman just got out of the hospital after a hernia operation. Although he's got a twinkle in his eye, he says he doesn't have a dime in his pocket. "The prospects right now? Well, I might as well forget it. When my unemployment runs out... it's back to welfare. You couldn't buy a job in Charlottetown right now."



Bert Kelly works miracles for the hungry

Alfred feels at home in the tiny dining room, open from 11:30 to 12:30 and from 4:30 to 5:30 every day of the year. At noon the place is packed full with people chatting and smoking at the tiny card tables. The kitchen, barely the size of a pantry, provides enough food for 50 to 75 people at a sitting.

Food kitchens like this one have popped up all over Canada in the last several years, but in Charlottetown, the capital of the Garden Province, the phenomenon is brand new, and not exactly understood. Islanders prefer the image of well-tilled soil, painted fences, and neat home-style country kitchens to welfare lines and soup kitchens. But Father Gerard Tingley, pastor of St. Dunstan's Basilica, says Islanders have to face the reality.

"I had people coming to the parish house," he recalls. "Sometimes there were eight or ten of them. These people were asking for food. They wanted milk for their children. We just weren't organized in any way to help them." At first Father Tingley gave them money from his own

pocket, but then he called a meeting of his church. When 65 people showed up offering their help, the soup kitchen became a reality.

Sylvia Reddom was one of the first volunteers. As a newspaper reporter she thought she'd seen it all. "I had no idea there were so many poor people around. I was shocked. It's kind of spooky to think that with so much food around people are actually hungry."

Working with Bill Campbell, Reddom sets about to raise money to pay for the growing number of meals. That's no easy task with expenses at nearly \$170 a day. She says many local lawyers, bankers and car dealers contribute on a regular basis. The bakeries and dairies have provided much of the food, and several local restaurants help out when they can.

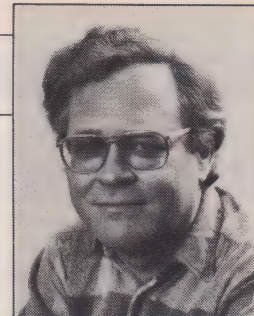
Pat's Rose and Gray Restaurant, just down the road, gives \$50 a month to help support the kitchen, but it also provides food. "Someone comes down from the soup kitchen every day," says Kier Kenny, one of the owners. "The other day we gave them a big pot of chili. We usually have plenty of day-old bread."

While Pat's helps out the Upper Room, the benefits are mutual. "We used to get people in here every day asking for food, and we'd have people going through the garbage out back. The bags were torn apart every day and the stuff was strewn all over. Now that the soup kitchen has opened, that's all stopped."

Bert Kelly, who manages the kitchen, has become a master of making do with whatever he's given. "The other day I got 300 mackerel," he remembers. "What can you do with that? Mackerel doesn't keep very long." Eventually he froze them. He often gets sacks of potatoes, crates of oranges, or boxes of fresh tomatoes, but his storage space is limited to one tiny closet and a freezer. What he can't use right away, he distributes to other organizations, and then borrows back when his supply is low.

"People don't come here unless they have to," says Kelly, who's been a professional cook for more than ten years. "We seem to get more people in the second half of the month when the welfare cheques have run out. You break a \$100 bill now... it's like \$10 a few years ago."

Kelly thinks by Christmas he'll be serving more than 200 meals a day. "There's more coming all the time, and we're just scratching the surface. I got a call from a woman the other day who needed food, but she just couldn't bring herself to come into the soup kitchen. As winter gets here, jobs will be down, people will be spending more money on fuel... they'll have less for grub. They'll come here." ☒



Home-plate nationalism

How the foreign millionaires known as the Blue Jays pulled this country together and made Toronto, for a time, truly the Good

A hoary baseball joke begins with a young clerk asking his boss for the afternoon off to attend his grandfather's funeral. Like the fly-in-the-soup joke, the story has a dozen endings but, one way or another, the clerk nearly always gets caught. So our federal sports minister, Otto Jelinek, should have known better.

Early in October, when it still appeared gloriously probable that the Toronto Blue Jays would flatten the Kansas City Royals during a relentless pursuit of the World Series, Jelinek suddenly postponed his meeting with 100 workers who'd lost their jobs at Susan Shoe Industries Ltd., Oakville, Ont. That's in his riding. He was sure the workers would understand. After all, he said, his wife had just attended her mother's funeral in Calgary. It was only natural that he'd want to be with her to give comfort.

But the next day in the Commons, Sheila Copps, one of your more pugnacious Grits, nailed poor Otto: "Imagine the surprise, Mr. Speaker, when the honorable member for Halton, the Minister of State for Fitness and Amateur Sport... was spotted at last night's Blue Jays game, sitting smiling behind the Prime Minister." Imagine the surprise, indeed.

The press carried front-page photos of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney getting set to throw the ball, and seated just to his right, for all the world to see, was Jelinek. Some newspapers thoughtfully put a white circle around his happy face. Ouch. "While the Blue Jays won last night," Copps sneered, "(Jelinek) lost the respect of workers in Canada's footwear industry."

What he'd done, said union official Bud Clarke, was "an awful insult to... people who are desperately hoping the Government will do something." But the whole fuss soon blew over as more and more Canadians were desperately hoping the Blue Jays would do something — something to score runs.

Big-league sports have the mysterious power to unite nations behind absurd dreams. Longer than living memory, Maritimers, Westerners, both French and English-speaking Quebecers, and even plenty of Ontario people have reviled Toronto. It is the most hated city in Canada, and yet for a few weeks in September and October fans of the Hometown Blue Jays were coming out of the

the closet *A Mari Usque ad Mare*.

This touched novelist Margaret Atwood. During the first Kansas City games, she was flogging one of her books in the West, and she later wrote, "Interviewers who might have been expected to treat me as an effete Easterner or Bay Street mutant, or at least make some crack about Hogtown, softened visibly when I pronounced the ordinary foul word 'Toronto.' They even kept me up to date on the scores, their eyes watering slightly, their smiles rubbery with sentiment as though the Blue Jays were infants whose first cute words were being recounted. All across the country, the Jays were magic babies. For once, Toronto the greedy, cold and glitzy had done something right in the eyes of the regions."

"Over the long suspenseful 1985 season," wrote Elspeth Cameron, an English professor and biographer of Canadian authors, "the Jays did more for Canadian nationalism than Terry Fox or Anne Murray. Sometime during the final New York-Toronto series that clinched the American League East for the Jays, pennant fever hooked into patriotic zeal. 'Geez,' one dazed fan exclaimed, 'they've pulled this whole country together,'"

"It was one of the worst outbreaks of baseball flu the country has seen," Mary Gooderham reported in *The Globe and Mail*. "From groups of school children in Vancouver to Toronto Stock Exchange workers and civic employees in Newfoundland, the country tuned in, booked off work and closed up shop... to take in the second playoff game..." Blue Jay fever was so powerful that, as soon as all hoped died for the Montreal Expos, Jay fans declared themselves even in the villages of Quebec, and so pervasive it struck even *The Globe's* feminist columnist, Judith Finlayson.

You wouldn't normally turn to her to find a good word for so masculine a pursuit as baseball — in which hairy, macho brutes glare, curse, spit, sweat and scratch themselves here and there — and Finlayson did feel compelled to introduce her newfound passion by saying, "I have been slow to admit enthusiasm for the Blue Jays because there is much in organized sport that is anathema to feminist concerns." But among all major team sports, baseball was "probably the most compatible with feminist concerns. It is neither as aggressive as football, which has been described as 'ritualized warfare,' or as

potentially violent as hockey... I'm beginning to understand why aficionados say that in its most refined form, it actually resembles ballet." *Swan Lake* perhaps?

Finlayson also felt that the notion of Canadian teams whomping the Americans at their own game was "actually quite fetching," and so did tens of thousands of fans who'd never noticed baseball's similarity to ballet. "I remind you," Ontario Premier David Peterson told a crowd of more than 25,000 outside Toronto City Hall, "that this is the first time there has ever been a *real* World Series, and this time Canada's going to win." Not just Toronto, mind, but *Canada*.

But the World Series had not even started. Like the legendary rookie in the broadcasting booth who foolishly blurts that some pitcher's got a no-hitter going, Peterson and a lot of others spoke too cockily and too soon. They put a hex on the boys in blue, and I still haven't forgiven them. Far from being an international contest, the series wasn't even an inter-state contest. It was the World Series of Missouri.

Our once and future national passion for the Blue Jays makes little sense. Watching them, we watch one gang of well-muscled, foreign millionaires as they play a foreign game against another gang of well-muscled, foreign millionaires. No Blue Jay is a Canadian. No Blue Jay likes Canada enough to make it his year-round home, much less take out citizenship.

Still, these foreigners were playing for a Canadian city, and we've never found it unnatural that hockey fans in American cities become hysterically loyal to whatever bunch of Canadians takes to the ice on their behalf. The psychology of sports fans is not a field in which rational thought thrives.

In the Blue Jays' final weeks, the most endearing expression of *irrational* thought came from outfielder Jesse Barfield. Fans at Yankee Stadium actually booed when opera star Robert Merrill sang "O Canada," and this hurt Barfield's feelings. "They booed *our* national anthem," he complained, "so that just shows you they don't want us to win."

How graceful of him to refer to "our" national anthem. He's from Joliet, Illinois. Thanks, Jesse, and wait'll next year eh? If the Blue Jays win the World Series in '86, I'll nominate you for the Order of Canada, and all your team-mates, too. I won't care what country you guys call home.



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The magic stones of Labrador

Labradorite: its blue lustre rivals the brilliance of tropical birds. But large deposits of the semi-precious gem around Nain have been largely ignored. That may change

"Mr. Cox, the great jeweller. . . told us there had never been such a stone in Europe. It was harder than porphyry, cast in certain lights a blue lustre, and was a great curiosity. . .

"If you can, send us over a box full, but nail it up and let none send any to private persons, no not the least bit. . . Should another vessel of any kind come on the coast, and ask about the place where it was found, you will naturally be silent about it."

by Lawrence Jackson

Benjamin La Trobe of the Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel, in London, sent these prudent instructions to a group of Moravian missionaries in Nain, Labrador, in 1774. They had founded their mission to the Inuit of the remote, sub-Arctic region three years before.

The stone with the blue lustre came to be known as labradorite and to be prized as a semi-precious gem. It's available in virtually unlimited quantities in the Nain area. There are more than 150 deposits, at least seven of which contain gem quality stone; several of these are at the shoreline tide mark. Yet it has never come close to fulfilling its commercial potential. Today a native organization, the Labrador Inuit Development Corporation, is reviving efforts to exploit this resource.

Labradorite is a variety of feldspar, one of the most common minerals on earth, but the peculiar properties of gem-quality labradorite are rare. Only Finland and Madagascar produce a comparable stone.

Words and photos don't do justice to the flash of color in a good piece. It rivals the brilliance of tropical birds and butterflies. A peacock blue is the most common hue, but shades of green, yellow, gold, red, purple and bronze are also found.

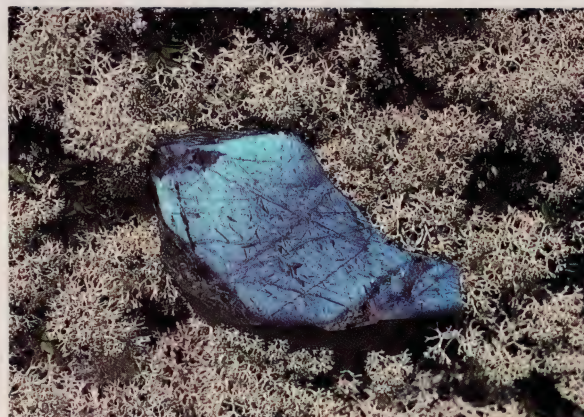
One of several problems with the stone, however, is that light must strike the labradorite crystal at a precise angle before the color is visible at all. Seen from most angles, a piece of polished labradorite in a ring or brooch is a nondescript black; however, when the light strikes at the proper angle, the color is stunning.

Other problems are the brittleness of the stone, which can shatter with the heat of cutting and polishing, and the abundance of fractures. This combination makes it challenging to cut and display the gem properly. Many fine specimens

have been ruined by careless cutting.

Nevertheless, people who know the stone agree on its potential both as a gem and as a material for decorative polished slabs and display items, like the faces of clocks. "It's nothing like diamonds or rubies, but it's very much underrated and under-exploited," believes Paul Dean, a geologist with Newfoundland's department of mines and energy. "A good piece is really striking and some are spectacular."

"It's the most beautiful stone in Canada," insists Marcel Braun, an Ottawa lapidist who encountered the stone while stationed in Goose Bay with the Canadian Armed Forces in 1972. J.J. Brummer of Toronto, a geologist who has studied the history of labradorite, believes it should be made Canada's official gemstone. "Large polished slabs of labradorite are on exhibit in almost every major museum in the world," he points out. The stone is already Newfoundland's mineral emblem.



Uncut Labradorite: "should be Canada's official gemstone"

Most efforts to market labradorite involved shipping rough stone from a quarry at Tabor Island, 17 kilometres southwest of Nain. Brummer believes that poor selection and grading of rough stone has hampered promotion of the gem; quality and price were inconsistent and buyers could never be sure what they were getting.

Fred Alteen knows all about that. His Labradorite Manufacturing Company, based in Corner Brook, has been a leading dealer in labradorite jewelry, polished slabs and rough samples for many years. A large supply he bought years ago is running out and he says he finds it easier to get good stone from Madagascar than from Nain. But he doesn't want to. Apart from the absurdity of such an arrangement, all his advertising promotes the stone from Labrador.

"We could make quite a little industry of this. I've got orders from Virginia and Georgia on my desk today. We send it all over the world. But I don't like sending out junk and I don't have much left."

The Alteen firm's original cache was 600 barrels of rough stone purchased from Brinex, a mining company with extensive holdings in Labrador, which supplied rockhounds and jewellers from the quarry at Tabor Island between 1959 and 1963.

Alteen cuts the rough stone into slabs and sends choice pieces to cutters in Europe and Asia who reduce them to "cabochons", the polished, rounded ovals used in jewelry. As the quality of his dwindling stock fell, Alteen's German cutter refused to handle any more of it and urged him to switch to stone from Madagascar. Alteen switched cutters instead, and now deals mostly with a man in Thailand.

The newly-formed Labrador Inuit Development Corporation acquired the right to quarry Tabor Island in 1981, but management problems and a preoccupation with other ventures diverted attention from the labradorite resource.

The corporation was reorganized this year and its new general manager, Sadie Popovitch-Penny, is determined to market labradorite carefully and well. She

allowed Braun to visit the quarry and select 2,000 pounds of material this summer and had him train a young local resident in the selection of good stone. She is shipping 200 pounds of gem quality stone to Alteen and is working with the Newfoundland department of mines and energy to explore the potential of lower-grade labradorite as a building material.

The corporation shipped two tons of rough stone to St. John's to be crushed and set in cement to make "terrazzo tile," a decorative building stone, for demonstration to architects and builders. Brinex explored this prospect in the early 1960s — one building in Toronto is faced with the stuff — but concluded that the market didn't warrant the expense.

However, there is little doubt about the market for gem-quality stone. Braun surveyed demand at a recent rock show in Ottawa and says everyone he met wanted some. Popovitch-Penny plans to take two tons of it to rock shows in the U.S. next year, and doesn't expect to bring any home.

In the cosmopolitan world of rockhounds, where Labrador competes with Madagascar at a rock show in El Paso, the blue lustre which excited Benjamin La Trobe 211 years ago has lost none of its fascination.

CITY

DEC. 85

Style



A Christmas tradition for artisans and consumers

by Margaret Holgate

It's difficult to remember a time when there were no major craft markets in the metro area to herald the beginning of the festive season. Now, lulled to complacency by the familiarity of these annual events, it's all too easy to overlook the role they play in the development of a craft community of international renown.

The first Craftsmen's Christmas Market was held in 1971. Before then there was no organized forum that brought together craftspeople from all corners of the province and put them face to face with a large public. Kate Carmichael of Lower Rose Bay, Lunenburg Co., has been with the Market since its beginning and has been its chief organizer for the past 12 years. The organizers, she says, "felt that the quality of the work that was being done deserved more exposure," and that the craftspeople needed more opportunity to earn a decent income from their creative efforts.

The Nova Scotia Designer Craftsmen (which has recently changed its name to Nova Scotia Designer Crafts Council), encouraged by the success of the first market, decided to establish one of its own two years later. The two now co-exist as annual events.

An important part of both these markets is that the work of all participants is juried, that is, reviewed by peers for excellence of workmanship and design. "We have always been very careful to advertise that our markets are juried," stresses Marie Palmer, executive director of the Nova Scotia Designer Crafts Council (NSDCC). "There is certainly a strong demand out there for the sort of recreational craft you find at church bazaars and craft fairs, but we are serving very different interests."

While some of the craftspeople participate in other craft fairs, such as the very popular one at the Halifax Forum and the newer additions in Dartmouth, none of these events offers the same consistently high quality of craftsmanship.

The two original markets have become showcases for the best and most innovative that the community has to offer.

Nova Scotia's craft tradition predates the Industrial Revolution, to the time when immigrants brought with them many of the skills needed to survive in an unfamiliar and often inhospitable land. Although there have been additions and innovations, this tradition is still largely unbroken; and it's a tradition that's deeper than in more westerly parts of the country which were settled later.

Craft production as a cottage industry in Nova Scotia remained marginal until the upheaval of the 1960s brought an inflow of back-to-the-landers and artisans seeking to re-establish old values and a way of life that emphasized creativity and productivity on a more human scale.

The blending of cultures and tradition that has occurred since that time has enriched the artistic community and blurred away distinctions within it based on country of origin. Polly Greene, for example, is an American weaver who settled in Sherbrooke Village and introduced traditional weaving techniques to an area that has no real tradition of weaving. She's now claimed by Nova Scotia as one of its own.

Jeff Amos, a traditional cabinetmaker who lives in Petite Riviere, Lunenburg Co., claims he has never actually sold a major piece of furniture at any of the markets he has attended in the last few years. But, for him, on-site sales aren't the point. "The cabinets I bring with me serve more as examples of what I am capable of doing. People look at them, touch them, and then if they are interested they commission me to make specific designs."

But perhaps most important of all, these annual gatherings have given craftspeople a stronger sense of community through the stimulation and sharing that is inevitable when such a group meets. Anna Hobbs, Crafts Editor

for *Canadian Living* magazine, travels across Canada on a regular basis. Assessing the craft community here, she says "you can feel that there is such a good solid base when you go to Nova Scotia. The atmosphere is so conducive to artisans who have a vitality and expertise that snowballs in the community and leads to creative copying. You have a wonderful blend of professional craft people who have either trained in Nova Scotia or come there by choice, and people who have learned at their mother's knee. You just don't see this on the West Coast."

Prices may seem high to the casual purchaser in search of inexpensive Christmas gifts and stocking stuffers. But there's a growing public recognition of the long hours of skilled and loving care lavished on even the smallest of articles for sale. Those whose lives are punctuated by traffic jams and trips to fast food restaurants view the incorporation of crafts into their daily routines as a 1980s approximation of the more leisurely lifestyle of the past.

Cornell Gill of Tatamagouche spends 70 or 80 hours on each of his larger duck carvings, some of which sell for over \$1,000. He has been carving for only four years, but has established for himself a reputation that assures a buyer for anything he makes.

"I attended my first and only craft market in 1983," he says, "and took some of my large duck carvings primarily for display. I hadn't even parked the car after unloading and setting up before one of the most expensive ones had sold. At the end of the day I had only a few of the smaller birds left, and a handful of commissions I haven't finished working on even now."

Gill is confident enough of demand for his work that he has put his bakery and restaurant in Tatamagouche up for sale so that he can devote himself full-time to carving. He realizes, though, that he will have to resolve the conflict between the need for personal satisfac-



tion and financial security. "Spending 70 hours on a \$700 carving may become a luxury when those I produce in three or four hours sell quickly at \$50," he says. "I just hope I can find the right balance."

Halifax doll-maker Joan Doherty agrees that more people are willing to pay for quality, but she falls short of being self-sufficient with her craft. Her hand crafted dolls are so labor intensive, and the materials so expensive that even priced at \$165 to \$250 she makes very little on the sale of each doll. She has turned to making smaller items such as whimsical unicorns, angels and sheep to subsidize her labors of love.

Doherty's work sells on commission year round at the Fleece Artist in Historic Properties and at The Country Sampler near Garrison House Inn, Annapolis Royal. "Strangely enough," she says, "sales are better in the country than here in Halifax, because it's American tourists who show the most interest. There has

Left: "Mary had a Little Lamb" doll, woolly sheep ornaments by Joan Doherty, at the Fleece Artist, Historic Properties and The Country Sampler, Annapolis Royal; Connoisseur Dessert Pack, fruit sauces and brandied spiced cherries by Greg and Lila Brooks, Constant Creation Gourmet Cuisine, Canning; Duck Carving by Cornell Gill, Tatamagouche; Pewter Christmas Ornaments, an original design each year, by Amos Pewterers, Mahone Bay; beneath these gifts, Mohair Throw by Carole Allain-Morgan, Hollow Hills Handweaving, Canning and at the Weave Shed, Wolfville.

Centre: Boatman Shirt for men and women in natural raw silk, dark beige, off-white or red, by Louise Williams, at

Clique, The Brewery; Tuck n'Lace Cotton Nightgown with hand-crocheted yoke by Lori Ashton, Serendipity Designs, at Clique, The Brewery; Painted Silk Scarf by Sandra Winter, at Clique, The Brewery; Silver bracelets, bangles and rings, gold brooch (on beige shirt) by Carol Cassidy.

Right: Gift Basket of mincemeat, fruitcake in two sizes, by Inner Circle Provenanders, Wolfville; Clowns by Kate Carmichael, Lower Rose Bay, Lunenburg Co. at The Sunflower, Tatamagouche. Most items are also available at The Craftsmen's Christmas Market, Dalplex, Nov. 29-Dec. 1.

Cover Photo: Studio Still Life. Christmas Wreath, decorated to order, by David Pace, Halifax.

Craft Market Gifts

always been a great market for dolls in the U.S., and \$300 is the average price for a collector to pay. So my dolls are considered real bargains."

Many craftspeople have responded well to pressures to become more business-like. Some, like Steve Balyi of Inner Circle Provenders in Wolfville, have attempted to improve public acceptance and awareness of their work by adopting sophisticated packaging — albeit in keeping with the traditional nature of their products. Four years ago, as an unemployed sociologist, Balyi began producing traditional Christmas cakes and puddings based on his wife's grandmother's recipes and now has a thriving

business employing 15 people. He has solved a major mail order problem by commissioning attractive handmade wooden boxes with sliding lids and woven baskets to protect the Christmas cakes, puddings and cookies.

A significant element in the rapid growth of Inner Circle Provenders was the financial boost it received from government incentive grants. But not all crafts lend themselves well to the production techniques favored by the distributors of such funds. One-of-a-kind artists usually cannot meet the criteria set for small business support funds even though their work represents much of the research and design development

for production crafts. The fear has been expressed by several members of the craft community that the exceptional progress made by Nova Scotia craftspeople over the last few years will be retarded if that aspect of crafts which generates new ideas for the community as a whole is neglected.

The general public is largely unaware of the recognition many Nova Scotians have received from a very critical international craft community. This year Dawn MacNutt, a weaver from Dartmouth, was invited to participate in the Lausanne Biennale in Switzerland, the premier world class event in terms of recognition for weavers and tapestry designers. In the field of glass art, Regine Stowe and Andrew Terris, of the Stowe-Terris Studio in Halifax, were featured in the Corning Museum of Glass "New Glass Review 5", the "who's who" publication of the glass world. These, among many other achievements, have not been well publicized even among the craftspeople themselves. And yet, without the resulting infusion of creativity the craft community would stagnate.

One way to improve public understanding of the calibre of work done within the province may be through continuing education programs. The Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, the only Canadian art college to grant degrees in crafts, finds it difficult to keep up with the demand for the many craft courses it puts on each year. The NSDCC will be displaying its entire craft collection for the first time next year, at the Public Archives of Nova Scotia from March until September, and has scheduled a series of workshops, lectures and demonstrations relating to each of the featured crafts.

Craft markets have performed several very important functions over the years. They provide much needed income that keeps bill collectors at bay and enable many of the craftspeople to focus more creative energy on their work. They also help producers to identify trends in what the public want to purchase, reducing the risk of promoting a stale product or design.

For the consumer, a craft market still provides a unique occasion to experience first hand the design elements that characterize traditional crafts. You can smell the perfumed soap, cuddle a handmade doll, test the fit of a goblet or breadknife to your hand, finger a hand-stitched quilt, feel the weight and texture of a woven jacket, taste some cheese or brandied fruitcake, and perhaps even rock in a carved wooden rocking chair.

Hopefully it will be only one of many opportunities to touch, and be touched by, the products of a rich and varied heritage. **C**

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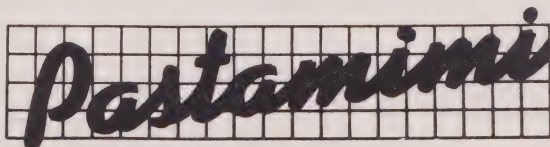
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DAVID THOMPSON



Eye Level Gallery director David Craig and "Birds" by Michael Fernandes

An artist-run gallery for experimental art

by Alexa Thompson

You won't find it walking past, you might not even notice it if you look up, but on the top floor of a heritage building at 1585 Barrington Street is the hub of the experimental and non-conventional arts community in Halifax.

Eye Level Gallery is not even sign-posted. That, in fact, is a sore point with director David Craig. He'd like to hang out a sign but the design would have to be approved by both his landlord and the City of Halifax, and so far he has had no luck pleasing either. It probably doesn't matter. The gallery is gaining a reputation by word of mouth.

This is an "artist-run space," in the parlance of the art world, a non-profit gallery organized and operated by artists working in the community. There are more than 100 of them dotted across Canada, in big cities as well as small towns. In towns and villages, these centres often become the focal points for social events, meetings, lectures and workshops. They may be housed in vacant buildings, schools or churches. Usually they're the product of artists working outside conventional media who are producing art not compatible with that shown in commercial or private galleries.

In Halifax there is Eye Level, and the Centre for Art Tapes on Brunswick

Street which provides facilities for artists working with audio and video tapes. Elsewhere in Nova Scotia, Gallery 1889 in Tatamagouche is developing into an artist-run space while in Annapolis Royal, the local arts council is looking for space for a centre of its own.

Eye Level first opened its doors to the public in 1974 with an unusual look at Peggy's Cove. In recent years, under the successive direction of Marina Stewart, Michael Fernandes and now Craig, the gallery has become a major force in the Canadian art scene, providing a space for young artists to exhibit their work as well as attracting established artists from across the country.

"Eye Level is dedicated to art and art forms that are experimental, innovative and adventurous," says Craig. "We try to show work that wouldn't be seen in any other gallery in Halifax." That could be sculpture and painting but may also include multimedia work and "installations."

"Installations art is a work unique to the space and to the time of the exhibition," he explains. "It doesn't necessarily exist after the exhibition is over. Usually the artist incorporates all aspects of the exhibition space — layout, lighting, sound."

The form an installation takes depends on the artist. Michael Fernandes works with large pieces, incorporating video tapes and slide presentations. Another artist works exclusively with video tapes. A third paints on huge flats that resemble theatrical sets.

The gallery also supports a dance program under the direction of board member and independent dancer, Diane Moore. Each year she helps produce a half dozen performances with both local dancers and national performers such as Julie West from Ottawa or Marie Chouinarch from Montreal.

Another of its more innovative productions is the Annual Audio by Artists Festival. Now in its seventh year, the festival began as a collaboration between Nova Music, an offshoot of Dalhousie's Music Department, Eye Level and the Centre for Art Tapes. Last year the festival included experimental music performed at a number of city-wide locations while Craig broadcast live narratives over CKDU radio.

Exhibitions at Eye Level are challenging to the mind and the eye. There are usually 20 to 30 performances, exhibitions and workshops a year. Near Christmas, there will be works by Nancy Edell and Micah Lexier. Lexier produces intricate handmade boxes and drawers. As a drawer is opened or a lid lifted, a tape recorder is activated and plays Lexier's prose poetry and narrative statements.

In Canada, most of the spaces sprang up in response to dissatisfaction with commercial galleries by many artists in the 1960s and 1970s. They are funded by the Canada Council, which encourages such grass roots movements. Some, like Eye Level receive extra funding from the provincial department of Culture, Recreation and Fitness.

Still, with an operating budget of about \$60,000, money is tight. Craig prides himself, however, that the gallery pays artists' fees in accordance with CAR (Canadian Artists Representation) guidelines — \$600 for solo exhibition. CAR is a national organization which represents the interests and concerns of Canadian artists.

As Eye Level Gallery enters its 12th

year, its future is uncertain. Support for the gallery is manifest in the exhibitions it attracts, the quality of performance it sponsors, and the growing arts community behind it. However, without a greater commitment from business interests, provincial and municipal governments, its future may be tenuous. It's not just Eye Level but all the arts in Nova Scotia that may suffer.

Craig knows there is talent here, but he worries that talent may go elsewhere unless more secure financial support is forthcoming from both private and public sectors. There are encouraging signs, he believes, but governments and business, naturally cautious, move slow-

ly and it may be ten years or more before a fully integrated support system is in place. By then it may be too late.

"That is ten years out of the creative life of an artist," Craig says. "Many, especially the most competitive, may go elsewhere." If that happens he'll regret it, not just personally but also because he feels a thriving arts community and civic pride go hand-in-hand. There's no reason why Halifax shouldn't be an arts centre to rival Montreal or Toronto. The benefits in tourists' dollars and business revenues will be substantial. Support of the arts is a long-term investment, he believes, and one that makes good sense. **C**

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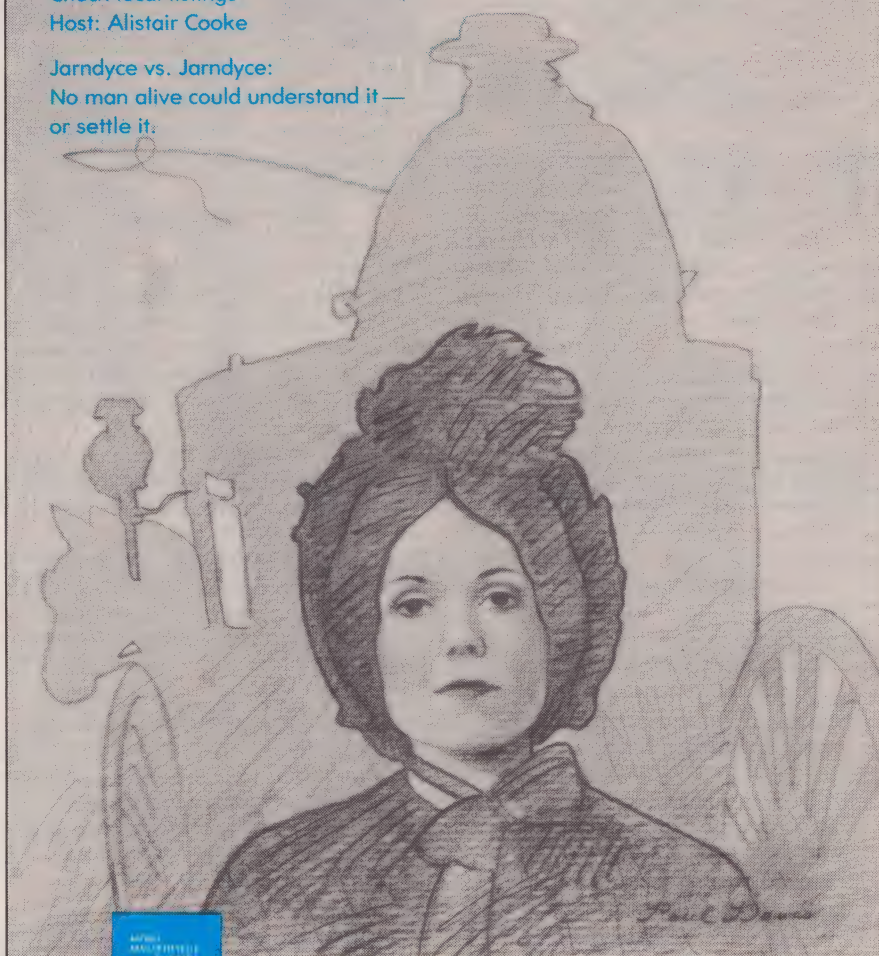
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Massage therapy from the feet up

A north end clinic called Rejuvenation will give you "reflexology" massages and other treatments. The medical establishment won't like it

by Margaret MacPherson

This is your liver." The thumb moves slowly, inching its way across the arch of the foot. "How does it feel?" "This is your neck." Again, the same strong, gentle massage is felt around the base of the toes. "How does that feel?"

Reflexology — the ancient, Oriental practice of foot massage is a little-known therapy that some claim has a tremendous impact on physical well-being. Some also claim that it smacks of quackery — notably the medical profession. It's a charge that Darrel Wolfe and Dawn Nichol bristle at. The two run a clinic in the north end of Halifax called Rejuvenation.

Nichol points out that reflexology is "just a small piece of the pie" in the whole operation of the clinic. "Foot massage is most often included in a combination of other treatments," Wolfe adds. "Reflexology is not a treatment for a specific problem. It's more like a side kick to aid in the natural therapeutic process of healing."

Reflexology is based on the premise that all arteries end their blood flow in the feet. A crystallization of waste products such as lactic acids, the theory goes, causes the stagnation and pooling of blood not only in the feet but throughout the whole system. Nerve endings in the feet reflexly correspond to different areas of the body and by break-



Wolfe: "a side kick to natural healing"

ing down the crystals in the foot through massage, the corresponding body parts will be strengthened by an increase of blood circulation.

Besides reflexology, the small centre on the corner of Isleville and Stanley streets offers nutritional counselling, colonic irrigation (the use of enemas high in the colon) and deep muscle and therapeutic massage as part of a "holistic" approach to healing.

Many of these techniques sit poorly with the medical profession in Nova Scotia. Dr. M.R. MacDonald, registrar of the Nova Scotia Medical Licensing Board, disapproves of the treatments that are offered through the centre. "It is fringe medicine bordering on quackery," he says. "Nothing is done at these sorts of clinics that couldn't be done through the normal channels of medicine."

"We get people coming in here who have gone to all the medical wizards and still can't find help for their problems," Wolfe responds. "And ailments run from ulcers to arthritis. When they finally come to see us, they see results and they demand to see results because, most often, clients are paying for our treatments out of their own pockets."

Although both massage therapists at the clinic are registered under the Ontario Drugless Practitioner's Act and are affiliated with the Reflexology Association of Canada, they are not licensed

under Nova Scotia's Medical Act as MacDonald says they must be. Yet clients come from as far away as the United States to experience the treatments (drugless) of the centre. Accommodations for out-of-town clients are included in the price of therapy.

One older gentleman, approached outside the centre, said he'd been coming in for treatments for the past six months and he's "felt better than ever before." Therapeutic massage and whirlpool baths as well as a herbal vitamin program are part of his treatment — although he did not specify his ailment. "I just know how much better I've been feeling since I started coming here," he said, asking not to be identified.

Steam cabinets, whirlpools, herbal oils and soft music create a relaxing atmosphere at the clinic. Wolfe admits he uses every angle he can to create a calm, positive environment in which to work with his clients. "A lot of physical problems stem from psychological stress," he states. Psychological stress is something that Nichol and Wolfe themselves have plenty of as a result of the not-so-smooth running of their clinic. Two years ago, in the fall of 1983, a police investigation into the centre was instigated by the Nova Scotia Medical Board. Two RCMP officers took case histories, deposit books and files in an attempt to find evidence against the practice.

"They were so sure they'd have a charge against us that they had prepared a search warrant beforehand," says Nichol. "We counteracted by suing because, even after interviewing hundreds of our clients, they could find nothing wrong or illegal about our practice."

Nichol and Wolfe eventually dropped the charges because, as Nichol explains, "I was sick of the whole affair. Besides, I felt that we'd won (the case) after they'd fine-tooth-combed us and found nothing."

Rejuvenation has continued its operation but in the past two years it has kept a fairly low profile. The question of whether or not natural medications and massage therapy are truly beneficial can go on and on in lengthy debate. The fact remains, however, that even if foot massage does not improve one's overall health, reflexology is definitely a means of attaining relaxation. It is an interesting and unique treat to weary feet. **C**

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Those weird, wonderful hairstyles

You've seen them: purple dyes, layers, patches: it's called "neotech" hair design, created by Tina Turner's hairstylist

by Margaret MacPherson

*Knotted, polka-dotted
Twisted, beaded, braided
Powdered, flowered and
confettied
Bangled, tangled, spangled and
spaghettied
Hair, hair, hair. . . .*

Rock Opera Hair 1967

Shortly after Tina Turner finished her late summer East Coast tour, a lesser known and totally different artist followed in her wake. Ethylene Joseph, Turner's hairstylist, wields scissors the way Turner wields a microphone, with precise and perfect snips and clips to a rhythm beating in her own head. The style goes by the name of neotech hair design. Evidence of it can usually be seen on the streets of Halifax on individuals sporting off-the-wall hairstyles in somewhat shocking colors.

Originally from London, Eng., Joseph has recently moved to Toronto and is touring Eastern Canada teaching her rule-breaking ideas of style. Local hairstylists have jumped on the bandwagon. A number of them are, in the Joseph vocabulary, "crop cutting," "chipping," "scrunch coloring" and "anti-headshaping."

Dierdre Logue, a ceramics student from the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design, emerged from the neotech demonstrations with perhaps the most striking cut. Leaving the natural color on top, Joseph cropped Logue's hair very closely on the sides and incorporated a series of six ledges from crown to neck.



Logue: the most striking cut

Each ledge alternated black and white, in direct contrast to the medium brown of Logue's natural hair color. Logue says that, in the morning, she combs the top of her hair into a point "like kids in a bath tub do" and, with little thought to the horizontal stripes on the back of her head, goes about her day-to-day routine. Verbal harassment is not uncommon.

"If someone came up to me and said 'I really hate your hair,' I'd really be impressed," says Logue. "It's the catty little criticisms that I don't like." She adds with a smile, "I do get a lot of compliments though."

Surprisingly Logue has found more approval from older women than those in her own peer group. "I make a statement in my appearance," she explains. "My new hairstyle reflects individuality and new changes . . . the way things are going to be."

The stylist learning neotech design takes into account the shape of customers' faces, their heads and even, to some extent, their personalities. "I wouldn't give a way-out haircut unless my customer had a way-out appearance," says Joseph. "Expression in dress and attitude are needed to carry some of my cuts."

Not all neotech haircuts are so bizarre that the average woman (or man) on-the-street couldn't wear them. Bridget Sullivan is not an artist but a 37-year-old housewife who, like Logue,

signed up as a demonstration model for Joseph's four day teaching stint. She loves her new haircut.

"I've always worn my hair in a shoulder-length blunt cut," she explains. "This summer I finally decided to go shorter. It was a nice cut but very ordinary."

Sullivan now boasts neotech hair design. The hair at her crown is micro-short and is layered longer and longer towards her face and neck. It can be combed into different degrees of spikiness, depending on mood and occasion. "I'm married to a doctor and sometimes the hairstyle has to be a little bit, well, conventional," she adds.

Sullivan has two daughters aged 13 and 14. They both like their mother's new look and Sullivan has noted a different attitude among her daughters' friends now. "I am more often approached by the girls' friends now. It's just for small talk and chatter but somehow it seems more open between us. Like my appearance has helped bridge some distance," Sullivan says.

Maintenance of the new hair cuts could be costly. Logue expects "to shave off all the stripes when I want a new look," but Sullivan intends to stay with the neotech hair design, at least for a while.

"I don't think I'll ever go back to a blunt cut," she says. "I just won't let it grow so long that the stylist can't follow the original cut."

Marie Prendergast is one of many local hairstylists who has learned the techniques of the trend-setting styles. "It's wonderful to do different cuts," she says. "I can do triangles and tendrils and even jazz up dull hair with subtle vegetable dyes like burgundy or rose colored tints," she says. "In this business we always have to advance ourselves if we expect to keep up with the changing times."

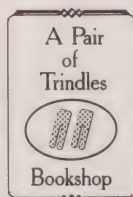
For the adventurous, patchwork colors, criss-cross cropping and wild, witty cuts will enhance vibrant winter fashions. For the more conservative, light layering and neatly capped necklines will be the order of the day. Either way, neotech haircuts will be paraded on Halifax sidewalks through winter months and well into the summer.

Ethylene Joseph calls the look created by her designs a "sophisticated mess." She's right but her clients add that it's a sophisticated mess that's a whole lot of fun. **C**

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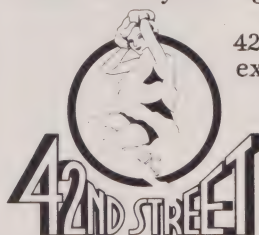
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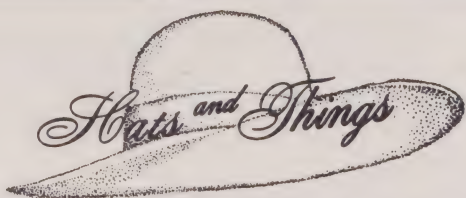
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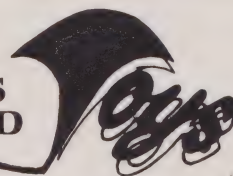
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PHOTOS BY ALBERT LEE

A fashion designer with a Victorian touch

She began by making dolls' clothes as a youngster and moved on to Victorian costumes. Now Sharon Croft designs her own fabrics and believes in the classic look that women buy as an investment

by Susan MacPhee

A childhood spent chasing around the wharves in coastal villages like Portuguese Cove and Herring Cove seems more likely to produce a talent for weaving fish-nets than one for creating high fashion design. Not in the case of Halifax designer Sharon Croft.

Although she spent hours on the wharf dangling a fishing line, "which was my very favorite pastime," Croft had another obsession, one that was far removed from her more tom-boyish pur-

suits. It was creating new things with her hands. Her first sewing project was a pair of trousers which she designed and constructed for a doll — at age seven. That was her last such activity until Grade 9 when her creativity and need to be "different" resulted in another whim somewhat unusual in a child growing up in a Nova Scotia fishing village. Rather than make do with the usual off-the-rack clothing, she went to a dressmaker. "I always wanted something different...I'd look in magazines and say, 'that's what I'd like to have', but of course you couldn't buy it here."

By the time Croft left high school in 1969 she decided it was time to start making her own clothing. And no simple starter patterns for this novice. She dug right into the more complicated *Vogue* productions. "They were more complicated, but in the actual process

they made you less frustrated, because the patterns were more clearly explained, more refined, and I felt at that point I would rather have 34 pieces to a jacket and feel that lovely, subtle tapering of say, the waist, than to have sort of a box or a very large shoulder that had to be chopped down and by the time you finished chopping down the armhole the shape was gone."

Custom sewing was her operation for the next nine years. Little by little she learned enough to manipulate patterns — taking three or four, using this sleeve, that collar, to suit the garment more perfectly to the person. This led to frustration, as she was limited to what a particular pattern, or group of patterns, could provide.

At that time she also began to recognize her limitations, and realized that she needed training. The only training available in Halifax was a course

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CityForum

I realize that the Nova Scotia school board elections, the subject of an article in *CityStyle* (Oct. '85) are now past history. New board members in Nova Scotia don't take office until the year-end, however, and so the issues raised in Deborah Draper's article entitled, *Elected School Boards: Who Cares?* are still current, including the issues of board membership, possible conflict of interest, and education funding. I must point out, however, that the statement that "aldermen represent parents but also senior citizens and other taxpayers, while elected school board members usually represent only parents" deserves response. School boards are not parent-teacher associations, although they very much appreciate the work of parent-teacher and home-and-school groups. School board members represent young people, parents, grandparents, non-parents, and senior citizens. School boards deal with a constituency which represents a growing number of older citizens and childless couples and individuals. Nor does the evidence show that fully elected school boards are less fiscally responsible than those which include aldermen and other appointed school board members. The public record in Nova Scotia shows that boards led by elected school board members have an excellent record of fiscal responsibility. Comparisons in other provinces are difficult, since no other province has a school board composition similar to Nova Scotia's. It should, however, be noted that the trustee appointed several months ago by the British Columbia government to take over the affairs of the Vancouver School Board publicly admitted that the board had no choice but to set its budget as it had done. British Columbia school boards, like those from the Pacific Coast to New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, are fully elected. (Elected school boards in Atlantic Canada, however, have no significant taxing authority.) Among the good parts of your story was the statement that "elected school boards work because the public makes the members accountable." The comment that if boards had taxing authority, "a person's total property tax bill would likely remain the same, but it would be apportioned differently," is also worthy of note. As far as taxpayers having to "come to grips" with competing pressures for the tax dollar, what do you suppose is happening now, without the school board accountability? Who cares? It's probably obvious that we do.

Greg Murphy, President
Nova Scotia School Boards Association



Clary and Sharon Croft: they listen to the client

given by costume designer Robert Doyle at Dalhousie, but she couldn't arrange a schedule and didn't take the course.

In 1975 Croft designed a dress under the sponsorship of Sherbrooke Village Restorations. "They gave me the fabric and I made an historic dress, what I felt was an interpretation of it. I did it to the best of my ability, but I really knew my limitations after that and I really wanted to do better." It was time to consider training again.

She took the dress to Doyle for a critique. "He gave me a lot of good pointers...he didn't pull any punches, but he wasn't cruel. He asked me the questions back...Why? Where? At that point I knew I had to be honest with myself and him." She then took his course at Dalhousie.

Croft gained experience in a wide variety of design techniques and fashions, but whenever a special assignment offered the freedom to select a favorite period or design type, she chose the Victorian era, mostly because of Sherbrooke Village. After graduation, she worked several seasons at the Village, designing and producing the turn-of-the-century clothing worn by the employees. In her own business now, Croft Designs, she does mostly contemporary designs, although she incorporates a Victorian touch when appropriate, such as matching up a Victorian shawl with a hand-woven wool skirt.

Croft's husband Clary — the well-known folk balladeer — graduated this year from the Dalhousie design course, and handweaves many of her fabrics. The two take great care in matching their products to the client's needs. Says Sharon, "When a client comes, first thing we do is discuss what the aim is, what they're looking for...we talk about their needs, their lifestyle and what colors they like...I want to know that I'm

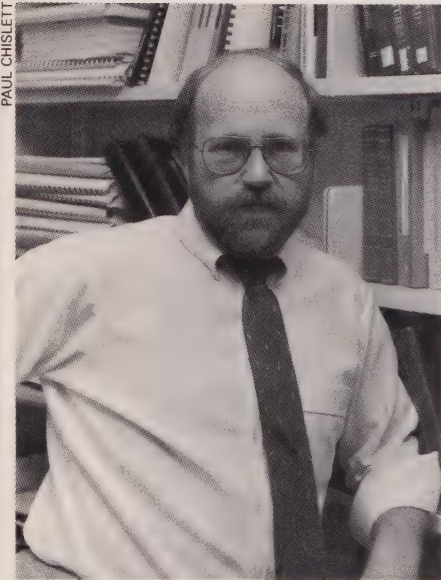
giving a person appropriate clothing. So the first meeting is to get to know them." By the second meeting, Clary — who does the sketches for Sharon's designs — usually has a sketch to show the client.

Sharon also does mock-ups in unbleached cotton or a fabric that will drape the same way as the fabric that's to be used does. "And sometimes I'll put a different sleeve on each side so that they have choices all the way through. Once I see the body, I may suggest things that may flatter that they haven't thought about."

A designer doing a fashion show can design whatever she wants, says Croft, "but when it comes to a person you can design a flamboyant dress, and if the person doesn't carry it off, what have you done? I think it's important to really listen to the client."

Croft doesn't advertise in any conventional manner, relying on word-of-mouth and business from people who have seen her work at fashion shows around metro. Her first show was organized with another former Dalhousie student, designer Judy Eames, and held in December 1980 at the Clipper Cay restaurant. They put it together in only two months — a considerable amount of work since they showed 50 outfits consisting of close to 300 pieces, including accessories.

Croft likes doing fashion shows, and it has the added attraction of allowing her to express her personal designing tastes. "At that point you have the freedom, you tend to put in your personal choices because you aren't designing for a particular person's needs. My idea for designing clothing is for a very classic — and I say classic in that it doesn't go out of style in a couple of years — look, because the people who are buying the clothes aren't going to buy them just for a season, they're looking for an investment." **C**



Rollie Thompson is a professor at Dalhousie Law School

by Rollie Thompson

We all like to believe in equality before the law. It's one of those comfortable myths, taught in civics classes and universities and espoused by editorial writers and politicians on ceremonial occasions. We even put it in our Charter of Rights: "Every individual is equal before and under the law and has the right to the equal protection and equal benefit of the law," etc., etc.

As they say on those CBC ads, "look again." Hard numbers tell us something different.

Equality before the law means, for starters, equal access to the legal system. In Canada, and Nova Scotia, that equal access depends upon the availability of legal aid to those who can't afford a lawyer. Whether we like to admit it or not, our laws are sufficiently complicated that most citizens — and especially poor people — require the assistance of a lawyer to cope with legal problems.

In Nova Scotia, legal aid is delivered primarily through salaried lawyers employed by the Nova Scotia Legal Aid

Not too much equality please, we're Nova Scotians

Commission. In 1983-84, the Commission's lawyers handled some 14,000 cases and Dalhousie Legal Aid Services (affiliated with Dalhousie Law School) served another 1,800 clients. Sounds like a lot, right?

Look again. If you are a poor person, eligible for legal aid, less than 50 lawyers are available to deal with your problem, out of a total provincial Bar of about 1,000 practising lawyers. A poor person is 13 times less likely to have access to a lawyer, even though the poor have as many, if not more, legal problems than most citizens. If all Nova Scotians were to have equal access to a lawyer, then we would have to have 400 legal aid lawyers in Nova Scotia.

In 1985-86, the federal and provincial governments will spend about \$3.7 million on legal aid in Nova Scotia. But, on a per capita basis, that sum amounts to less than half the national average. Moreover, almost 80 cents of every legal aid dollar is paid by the federal government. Over the last six years, the federal contribution has risen while the province's has dropped. In fact, today our provincial government kicks in less for legal aid, \$300,000 less than six years ago and \$750,000 less than four years ago.

In the summer of 1982, the provincial government slashed the legal aid budget, at a time when it proclaimed no cuts in "essential social services." Ironically, during that same year, the province received the results of a federally-funded evaluation of Nova Scotia Legal Aid. The evaluation found that NSLA was delivering high-quality, cost-effective legal services within the limits imposed by government. The legal aid scheme is only now beginning to recover from the 1982 cuts, thanks mostly to federal funding.

What do all these numbers mean for the poor client? They mean waiting to get into a legal aid office. Being one client on a lawyer's burgeoning caseload. Not getting a lawyer at all for certain kinds of urgent legal problems.

Sometimes just giving up.

Because of the funding restraints and the sheer pressure of criminal and family cases, some kinds of problems have little or no priority in Nova Scotia's legal aid scheme. The mother with children, denied social assistance, must navigate the social service bureaucracy and appeals system alone. The family evicted from rental housing must move yet again. The family whose power is disconnected is left in the dark and cold. In these matters, the poor go without in Nova Scotia.

These kinds of legal problems are described as "essential legal services," along with criminal and family matters, in a recent report of a Canadian Bar Association committee on legal aid. At its annual meeting in Halifax this past August, the CBA resolved that essential legal services are a government responsibility and must be provided at public expense. In its report, the CBA committee identified adequate funding as the most pressing problem facing legal aid, not only to provide a minimum standard of essential services, but also to assure the independence of legal aid problems from government.

Politicians do not like legal aid. The reason is simple: legal aid lawyers force the government to obey its own laws. At every turn, a poor person's life is controlled or affected by government in some form. Effective representation of the poor puts pressure upon governments; in defending those prosecuted by governments, in seeking more government benefits for clients, in exposing inadequate or unfair laws.

Why should I fund some service to give me this grief, says the politician. Accordingly, governments fund just enough legal aid to maintain the myth of legal representation and equality, while ensuring that the reality amounts to much less.

Equality before the law, you say? In Nova Scotia, the reality is otherwise. Just a little bit of equality, but not too much please. **c**

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Rita

It's been a painful road to success for Rita MacNeil. But now, for this sweet singer from Big Pond, Cape Breton, the world is her oyster

by Barbara MacAndrew

*I'm not what I seem
I'm not what you're seeing
I'm a real creation of
somebody's dream . . .*

— from *I'm not what I seem*

Back home this summer in Cape Breton, Rita MacNeil sat on a secluded black rock — her favorite quiet spot — and stared out at the bay. She wondered whether she had dreamt what happened to her during those three weeks in June. Atlantic Canada's shy powerhouse of a singer-composer had just returned from Tsukuba, Japan. For 16 days at the Canadian pavilion at Expo '85 she was the headliner at concerts for international audiences.

She told a neighbor over tea that morning at her kitchen table: "It seems like unreality . . . sitting home here thinking about the concerts across Canada, seas of faces smiling, applauding, and then to travel to Japan. I never dreamt I'd ever go there. It's so far from Big Pond."

Big Pond is not big at all, but it's Rita's

idea of paradise. Here, among the hills, among her warm people, near the house where she was born and which was ever full of music when she was a child — this is where her soul resides, the soul of an up-by-her-bootstraps, common folks' singing phenomenon who's gaining a veritable cult following across the country.

Her home, a yellow converted schoolhouse overlooking Bras d'Or Lake, is her inspirational Shangri-La. Being here after exhausting concert tours, home with friends, with her son Wade, 15, a talented musician in his own right, and her college student daughter Laura, 19 — this is what she refers to as "perfect times." Times to reflect on the long road to an emerging stardom.

"Big Pond is a special place to me," she says. "As a child I was a dreamer . . . pretending the shapes of the trees were certain people, the orchards imaginary faraway places. They were my friends so I never felt lonely or isolated. I would imagine I could enter worlds of songs and pictures." She could, in fact, enter both



through a Stephen Foster songbook — a strong early influence on her. Stephen Foster was the mid-19th century populist composer of such Old South favorites as *Swanee River*, *Oh! Susannah*, *My Old Kentucky Home* and others. “At a concert in Ottawa I mentioned to the audience that I no longer had the songbook. A lady there sent me a copy. What a lovely thing to do. I wrote a song about this.”

MacNeil bares her soul for her audience. Her songs are intimate — about her people, the human condition, lonely old folks, brave miners, proud working folk. Often they’re personal, touching on her marriage, her divorce, mental depression, hard times, wild times, destructive drinking bouts, and so on — subjects she sings about but is reluctant to talk about.

“Rita has an eerie empathy with people, a magic sense,” says George Wotton, a photo lab director in Charlottetown and dedicated MacNeil fan who travels anywhere she sings in Atlantic Canada. “If you have any emotions at all her music touches you, but it can’t be put into any category.”

Indeed, her music is neither folk, pop, country or rock. For that reason, because it doesn’t fit into any preconceived slot, it hasn’t been played widely on radio — with the fortunate exception of CBC Radio in the Maritimes, which both played and released her recordings.

In 1980, Halifax CBC Radio producer Mark Andrew Cardiff made sure MacNeil was heard even though he was criticized for his zeal for her songs, which some people thought verged on lunacy. “The first time I heard her sing was in Cape Breton where I was doing a remote show with pretty basic equipment. Her music blew me away. I’d never heard anyone like her.”

Cardiff managed to get *Not What I Seem* produced as a special CBC transcription album. It’s vintage MacNeil. For Cardiff, seeing MacNeil getting recognition at last is what he calls the great vindication of his life. “The same people who pooh-poohed putting her on the air or producing her records have suddenly started to rave about her. A few years ago one of them asked me, ‘Why on earth are you so nuts about a short, fat lady no one has ever heard of from a place called Big Pond no one has ever heard of?’”

Joella Foulds of Sydney met MacNeil through Halifax peace activist and women’s rights leader Muriel Duckworth during an International Women’s Day concert. Foulds, a CBC Cape Breton writer-broadcaster was astounded by MacNeil’s talent and creative energy. She loved Rita’s music, learned it, and she and Rita sang together for six years. They still do special concerts.

“When Rita and I were travelling around the Maritimes we would set goals for ourselves. One would be to pack the Rebecca Cohn Auditorium in Halifax (they did Sept. 28); another was to fly first class so we wouldn’t have to squeeze into



Talent given freely: on the CBC fund-raiser for Glace Bay, *Coaltown Jubilee*

small seats . . . Rita deserves the very best. Perhaps now her life will be a bit more comfortable.”

MacNeil, Foulds continues, “is world class, a national treasure. She should now be able to play in only the best concert halls, not noisy bars. They rob too much of her precious creative energy. It’s time we paid her back for the gift she brings. She’s spent many, many years paying her dues.”

“Cape Bretoners are a creative breed of people,” says MacNeil in answer to a question about her roots. “We live in an isolated and economically depressed area. When events, happy or sad, happen here people gather around. Always there is the beauty and a special closeness to earth, sea, sky. I feel privileged to live with such beauty. My roots are important to me.” She marvels at the support she has had from fellow Maritimers. “I was only 17 when I went to Toronto. After ten years there and three years in Ottawa, I finally worked my way back home in 1977. When I moved away I missed the open sky and the water and my own people and place.”

Eric MacEwen, a Rustico, P.E.I., broadcaster, is one of the few disc jockeys who has played MacNeil’s music on his radio program from the beginning. “She’s a female Hank Williams!” he exults, “that sort of rare talent. I heard her sing *Working Man* in a Sydney pub full of miners. We were all reduced to tears. At the end people were all standing, shivering, shouting. Once you hear Rita sing, once you meet her, there’s a redefinition of female beauty in a man’s mind. All my preconceived ideas about what a

woman should look like were altered when I met Rita. She is beautiful because of her love of humanity.”

Empathy for people’s troubles and joys permeates her music. It’s been honed by her own life trauma. “There were some very low points in my life. Some troubled times in Toronto — homesick, feeling lost in that big city. But it was a learning experience, too.” But it was later, in Ottawa, working as a scrublady, that she felt most discouraged. “That was the lowest point in my life,” she says, but softly dismisses hard times talk. “I know I’ve worked very hard. Sometimes I worked at jobs I didn’t care to do. Today, it makes it all seem worthwhile when some folks like my songs. It’s not everybody’s music. A lot of changes have taken place in my life and my music the past ten years. When I moved back to Cape Breton, I discovered there are all these wonderful musicians. I sang with Joella Foulds in Kenzie MacNeil’s *Rise and Follies of Cape Breton*.

“It takes a tremendous energy to perform and travel from concert to concert,” she adds in her quietly passionate way. “I get energy from sharing my songs with people. At first stage fright is a terror like no other. Somehow I cope with that each time. I can’t let it get in the way. I can’t imagine how I ever get the courage to get up there and sing before so many people. By nature I’m shy and timid.”

A song which spellbinds MacNeil’s audiences is *Part Of The Mystery*. It was inspired by a chance meeting she had with two Cree Indian medicine women after

an Edmonton concert three years ago. "The medicine women told me to wear bright colors," she says. "I had always worn black. As you may notice I'm a plump person and wished to appear less conspicuous. But the medicine women said convincingly, 'Rita, you must put on bright colors with your black clothes to ward off evil spirits'. They told me the poison darts would come from the audience and create vibrations." The medicine women were very large ladies dressed in vivid costumes, she says. "I liked their looks. 'Bright colors are healthy omens for the soul, heart and mind,' the medicine women instructed. I find people react happily to bright hats, beads and such. It gives us all a lift. Life has been positive since the medicine women informed me."

Norman Campbell, of Toronto and Stanhope, P.E.I., the television director and composer of *Anne of Green Gables*, and his lyricist wife Elaine happened into an Island pub where Rita was singing one night last summer. "We were suddenly aware of a special presence," says Campbell, "Art out of the commonplace. There was star charisma coming from this short ample lady commanding the stage. As the evening progressed we were aware of all the different lines of interest of this lady's talent. Her musical presence envelops you. It moved me so. Visually, you can see, touch the subjects of Rita's songs. You know her people, the loves, the life she has led. They reflect everyone's emotions. Like a clever photographer she isolates images, visions and captures them forever. It was a special surprise hearing her for the first time, particularly with those marvelous musicians and their arrangements."

Members of MacNeil's big, all-ages cult across Canada religiously play her three albums, *Born a Woman*, *Part of the Mystery* and *Not What I Seem*. Some stores have reported trouble keeping her tapes in stock, so briskly do they sell. Says Brookes Diamond of Brookes Diamond Ltd. in Halifax, the singer's booking agents, "There are a lot of things happening with her right now. For example, we're almost certainly going to do a tour of the U.K. within a year." He says interest has been expressed especially in the mining areas of Wales where her songs have caught on. Scotland, Wales and Ireland are expected to be part of the tour. Nashville is in the works as well, not to mention four weeks at Expo '86 in Vancouver and a cross-Canada tour which will hit the major centres.

"Promoters want to get Rita on the bill at clubs, at festivals and theatres," adds Rosemary Doubleday, an agent with Brookes Diamond. "But this time they're paying. Rita has lived through some horrendous situations. Many times during the past 12 years she has done exhausting club dates and concerts without ever being paid. She's a gentle soul who's vulnerable to ripoffs. We're seeing that doesn't happen again."

Despite the gruelling tours, MacNeil



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COVER STORY

still finds time to write her music.

"There's so much going on now in my head," she says. "My travels have been so stimulating. Also, I love writing songs about my family and friends." She says that when she writes a song about someone, "I sing it to that person before I sing it to the public. If that person isn't too keen on it I won't do it. But mostly they like them. My dad did cry when I sang him *Old Man* about his life. They weren't sad tears. Shortly after that he died. I was glad I'd pleased him in some way." Her voice drops off and she wipes one brown eye.

She picks up again: "I write in my

head. The strong feelings come to me. From where I don't know. They arrive in my head along with the music. When I wrote *Part of the Mystery*, words came from a feeling in my heart and head. They were: 'did you ever feel like the wick of a candle; part of the mystery, part of the answer'. Since I've sung that, I've found other people feel as I do about hardships and joys, about life's experiences."

Her goals are short term ones. "I want to keep doing just what I'm doing. Write some more. Enjoy home. I love to travel to foreign countries. It's true, people predict that all sorts of good things are going to happen to me now. But I don't

see miracles where there are none. I live each day for that day. Happy people are there for me now. We never know what will transpire in future, so it's wise to be happy with what is here today. Although I'm divorced my former husband and I are concerned for each other." Her divorce from David MacNeil, a draftsman from Big Pond, inspired the song *David and I Live in Separate Places*.

MacNeil says she has been disturbed at times that she was mistaken for a militant feminist who dislikes men. She recalls a book on Canadian women that put her in that category. "I could never shut out men, half the human population. My children are a wonderful daughter and a wonderful son. I'm for all the human race. There is a great sense of goodness in all of humanity. I've never been a radical feminist. But in 1971 I wrote and sang about women's issues like equal pay for work of equal value. I am concerned with all the human rights issues." She adds, "and I have gotten strength from the women's movement. It was an important time for me, a time of development. It fulfilled a need. I brought up my children to be independent in spirit, not stereotyped in boy or girl restrictions. I've met marvelous women who have enabled me to find inner strength. Over the past 15 years there has been a wonderful awakening. When you find you can do these things, it's painful too. You go through things like divorce, struggle."

MacNeil describes performing for women's groups as "learning, growing experiences." She confirms that most of these sterling performances were "freebies." She usually sang a capella (a song without musical accompaniment), the clear, pure strength of her voice astounding audiences. "They weren't ones I got paid for. It was very hard work, though. It's nice to be paid for hard work, even when you love it."

Her trip to Japan and triumphant concert appearances are the subject of a CBC half hour film documentary. "The Japanese were wonderful, warm people who welcomed me to their home. I sang the second verses in Japanese. The experience there was so awesome, a sheer thrill. I couldn't just do a token verse. I wanted to find a true way of communicating. I felt like it got through."

She adds: "When you live something special as that you feel you can write about it. I've lived a great deal in my 41 years. Felt troubles, good times, bad times, emotional ups and downs. It makes for a balance in life."

The star of a growing Rita MacNeil cult isn't getting egotistical. It's not in her nature. "Yes, it seems these are good times for me now. People are being so kind; it's wonderful. I'll keep my feet on the ground, keep humility. I know I won't change my values. I've lived through enough to know I couldn't change now. Even if I were younger, I wouldn't change with the flattery." ☑

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SPECIAL REPORT



ALBERT LEE

Homeless among the condos

Alongside the office towers and high-priced condominiums of Halifax is another world: one of impoverished housing and gouging landlords. The victims: single mothers and other low-income people

by Valerie Mansour

I was lying on the bed. I heard Jamie fall. I looked down and he was through the floor."

Linda Gaudet's two-year-old had fallen right through the floor of their tiny one-bedroom Dartmouth apartment. Luckily it was a basement apartment with only a foot or so of space underneath and the child wasn't seriously hurt.

Gaudet and her disabled common-law husband pay \$362 a month — half their income — for this desperate apartment because they have nowhere better to live. Even at that they're being evicted. The landlord says he's going to renovate the building — although he's admitting new tenants at the same time.

"I've been trying real hard but I can't find a place," says Gaudet, who's been on a waiting list for public housing for two years. "I've got nowhere to go. It's driving me crazy."

Norma Thompson, a 23-year-old mother of three young boys sits back in her chair at Collins House, a Halifax

emergency shelter. Her four-year-old son is on her lap and they are fantasizing about the big house they'd like to live in. Thompson and her three kids slept in the same bed for almost nine months in their last home. It was a cold, two-room house with broken windows and a door that didn't keep out the rain. She came to Collins House in October and once again started looking for a two- or three-bedroom apartment. She frequently encounters landlords prejudiced against people on welfare. "They don't think we pay our rent," she says. "It makes me want to scream."

Helen Creamer and her two children were evicted from their apartment when the landlord began to make renovations. The rent was going up from \$360 to \$750 a month and, living on social assistance, she couldn't afford the increase. She's been in an emergency shelter since July and says she's looking for any place at all that's half-decent. "No one wants to take children," she says. "Some will come right out and say so and some will make ex-

Norma Thompson: at Collins House since October because of landlords' prejudice

cuses." She adds: "I've seen bad places, holes in the walls. I saw one place in the North End full of rats and they tried to rent it for \$450."

Stories like this can be multiplied by the hundreds in Halifax-Dartmouth, Atlantic Canada's largest metropolitan area. It's a crisis that has slowly grown even as the city has experienced a small economic boom over the past few years. A thousand households are on waiting lists for public housing; 600 people are on waiting lists for senior citizens units; there are lineups at emergency shelters and once people are admitted they stay for months rather than days.

Father Peter McKenna, director of Hope Cottage, a Halifax soup kitchen for homeless men, says the situation has noticeably worsened over the past few years. "I don't dare make a guess as to how many are living on the streets," he says, "but it's easily in the hundreds." McKenna adds that 60 per cent of the men at Hope Cottage are now under the age of 35 whereas a few years ago the average age was 55. He notes that a study showed that from January to June 1984, about 1,300 youths were in need of shelter in the metro area.

"It's an immediate crisis people experience every day," adds Johanna Oosterveld, director of the North End

Health Clinic. "The crisis plays absolute havoc with family and individual lives. It's impossible to have a decent family life."

Senior citizens and low-income families, especially those led by single mothers, are the hardest hit. In the last five years, 252 units of cooperative and non-profit housing have been built, but this is far short of the need. According to the Housing for People Coalition, an activist group, at least 2,000 new dwellings would have to be built immediately to raise the metropolitan area's vacancy rate to a reasonable four per cent. The rate has been consistently below one per cent since 1981.

The situation has led to the formation of community groups like Housing for People, a coalition of over 30 groups, and MUMS, Mothers United for Metro Shelter, which have been lobbying government for more affordable housing. Although the metro area is experiencing a construction boom, most new buildings are high priced condominiums or office towers. Meanwhile, inflation in Halifax is higher than the national average, with some of the largest increases being rent. It is not uncommon to pay over \$600 for a two-bedroom apartment.

Laura Legere of MUMS says the frustration of single mothers is increasing. "The level of stress experienced by ourselves and our children due to lack of permanent, affordable housing is extremely high." Legere says members of her group often encounter landlords who will not accept children. "That's beyond our comprehension since we view our children as an asset to our lives, not a liability." She says that in some cases social agencies have removed children from their parents because of inadequate housing.

The situation has become desperate. One local landlord recently commented that women had offered him sex in return for accommodation, although Legere counters that many women have been propositioned by landlords in return for a place to stay.

Legere, who lives in a temporary place after having been at Bryony House, a home for battered women, says she has seen women return to abusive situations because there is nowhere else to go. "You have to live in poverty and put up with so much rejection. What's worse? Would I have been better off staying with the beatings? I'm in a mentally abusive situation."

The results of the housing crisis have affected every type of social agency. Legal aid workers say there isn't one case that comes in that doesn't in one way or another involve housing. Social workers too can't deal with the issues they are mandated to deal with because they constantly encounter housing problems. "Lack of housing prevents our clients from working on all sorts of other issues," says social worker Elaine Bishop. "It dramatically affects their self-esteem. They feel worthless, they feel unable to take control of



Gaudet and her family: evicted for renovations and nowhere to go

their lives. All sorts of problems are made worse because they don't have anywhere decent to live."

Workers at the North End Clinic tell of patients who had plaster fall on their heads while they were asleep and of people who have been hospitalized unnecessarily because they had nowhere else to go. "We see infants getting pneumonia because they've lived in apartments in December where there was no heat for a whole week," says Johanna Oosterveld. "And there's a tremendous amount of stress that's being created because people can't get on with their lives because they live in such bad housing conditions."

The housing crisis is not entirely new. Halifax has traditionally had problems housing its people. But, according to architect Grant Wanzel, president of the Neighbourhood Housing Association, the situation was allowed to slip badly. "The current crisis has its roots in ten years of history and passing the buck," he says. "The seriousness of the situation

now didn't just fall from the sky."

The three levels of government are usually blamed for the crisis but Wanzel points the finger at some institutions as well. "The universities don't supply adequate housing for their students, the military doesn't provide sufficient housing for all of their personnel. All of that creates pressure on the housing stock with the low income people being the least able to compete."

Housing workers point to high interest rates as a cause of the shortage of rental units, but also blame municipal governments for not taking advantage of national housing programs to alleviate the problem. The City of Halifax, they say, is part of the problem.

They point to a controversy that arose last year over a 7.5-acre city-owned property in Halifax's North End, known as the Prison Lands. Overlooking Bedford Basin and Halifax Harbour, the land is considered prime residential property. Council received two development pro-

SPECIAL REPORT

posals, one for courtyard townhouses and another for a combination of townhouses and apartments including 30 co-op units. After much ado, council decided both designs were "unimaginative" and after 5½ months of discussions, including a public meeting, rejected both proposals. As a result of the delay, the co-op members lost their funding from the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation, and those allocations went to another city. Council has since approved a development proposal for construction of apartment buildings and low-rise condominiums to house 500 people. The condominiums will sell for \$100,000.

Condo is the key word on the housing scene today. In fanciful anticipation of a mass arrival of oil millionaires, high priced condominiums have popped up everywhere. While prices of many condos are being slashed, and office space for these non-existent executives sits idle, thousands of low-income people have nowhere decent to live.

In many parts of the city, condos have not been the result of new construction, but rather, renovations of existing buildings. Old, run-down houses are being painted, renovated or completely gutted and redeveloped. As a result, the

Community groups want the city to declare a housing emergency and the federal government to allocate additional housing units

rent goes up and the original tenants hit the streets. This gentrification process has been especially noticeable in the North End where many poor families lived in wood-frame row housing, most as tenants. Many of their houses were well constructed but landlords rarely maintained them properly.

The area began to change about six years ago when young, first-time home owners started to buy some of these houses and fix them up for their own use. Now the neighborhood has become an at-

traction to the more affluent.

CHMC Housing Analyst Wilson Fitt says this trend is inevitable. "Most of these old places were junk and the people living there could not afford any better," Fitt says from the city's point of view it "improved property value, and tax revenues at first glance looked good." He adds, however, that a segment of the population is not benefitting.

For many of the original inhabitants life is now very insecure. "These people just keep moving a lot," says a city housing employee. Many have ended up in Spryfield, a Halifax suburb — "the end of the line after Yuppie deportation," in the words of a legal aid worker.

Community activists are pressuring government like never before. Housing for People issued its own "housing blueprint" during October's municipal election. The blueprint focuses on 30 different projects that would provide 1,204 dwellings for single mothers, low income families and senior citizens. During rush hour one afternoon in September, they set up a "tent city" at the Halifax approach to the Macdonald Bridge to bring attention to the crisis.

Part of that coalition is a group called MUMS, Mothers United for Metro



IN THE WORLD OF RUMS, THIS ONE STAND

Shelter, who have held their own activities for over a year. Last April they marched on Province House to present MLAs with a symbolic eviction notice. They met with the provincial housing minister but came out dissatisfied, noting that he refused to declare the situation a crisis. Months later the city announced plans to build the MUMS two six-unit housing developments. The MUMS, however, feel that was an attempt to quiet them and have continued their pressure for more housing.

In an endless battle with government, private developers argue that rent control is standing in the way of housing. At a city-sponsored housing symposium in June, they asked that they be removed from the "shackles" of rent control. (What the province has, in fact, is a system of rent review. Rent increases over five per cent have to be reviewed. The average increase granted by the Rent Review Commission in 1984 was 13.4 per cent.)

According to Pat Simms of the Investment Property Owners Association an investor simply won't build unless he can get a full market rent. Developers argue that with a greater supply of housing at the top of the income scale, apartment dwellers will buy houses, people in lower rental apartments will move to more expensive ones, and those on the bottom will move into the vacant apartments. Community workers dismiss this "trickle down" theory since it depends on the person at the bottom of the income scale hav-



MUMS' tent city demonstration

ing more money to move up. Developers say rental subsidies will alleviate that problem but Grant Wanzel argues that government would never give such subsidies because landlords could just continue to raise rents and get the allowances from the government for themselves.


Instead, community groups want the city to declare a housing emergency and to request immediate allocation of additional units from the federal government. They say pressure must be put on Ottawa which is cutting back on social housing programs. As well, the federal government plans to pass the administration of all housing programs, except cooperative housing, to the provinces. This move concerns people involved in non-profit housing who say the provinces' record is dismal.

They say cooperative, non-profit and well planned public housing units are viable means of easing the crisis. "The city must monitor the housing situation so they know how much housing must be brought on stream and to keep vacancy rates at a reasonable level," says Wanzel.

Community workers and victims of the crisis say the problem is never lack of funding, but rather lack of commitment. Resources of the country must be directed to provide shelter, they say, which is after all, a basic human right. Says Laura Legere, "We try not to get angry with government. We try to make them feel what we're suffering. We're trying to make them feel compassionate." ☒



S ALONE. MYERS'S PLANTERS' PUNCH RUM.



TRAVEL

Fleeing south: joys and pains of winter travel

Thousands of Atlantic Canadians take off for sunny climes when the sloppy weather hits. Why, and where do they go?

by Don McLeod

The storied attachment of down-easters to their home turf notwithstanding, thousands flee south when the bone-freezing nor'easters hit, which is just about any time now. Shrubs and flowerbeds suitably banked and burlapped, they're off after the magic promise of the tourist brochures — "Cuba's magnificent beaches — uncrowded, limpid, dazzling," "Trinidad, the most romantic, exotic and friendly island in the Caribbean," and so on. They're off to Florida, Spain, the Bahamas and any other place where sun and seawater mix.

And when winter comes after a cold, dark, wet summer, as was the case this year, tour operators and travel agents look for a bountiful harvest.

The greying farmer from Kentville, N.S., frantically grabbing brochures at a Spanish tourism promotion in Halifax this fall, might have been speaking for

many of Atlantic Canada's two million residents after the so-called summer of 1985: "I don't care where it is, I'm going somewhere where the sun shines."

Heading for the sun when the snow buries the blueberry bushes used to be just for the rich. Now, claims tour marketer Bob Sime, "you might be the odd person out at a party if you can't talk of where you've been, or where you're going to escape."

Package tours by charter flights made the difference, in the same way the jet plane, in the 1950s, ended the era of regular intercontinental travel by luxury liner. Advance bookings of large numbers of travellers, ensuring full aircraft and hotels, lowered the cost of getting away from it all, as well as the cost of staying there for a week or two.

Ironically, one of the fastest growing methods of vacationing is cruising, as the marine trade plugs into the new world of tourism brought about by air travel,



TRAVEL

which put cruise ships out of business in the first place.

"Fly-cruise" packages offer return air fare to, say, Miami (called the cruise capital of the world), plus a week or two of island-hopping in the Caribbean. "Theme cruises" are keyed to everything from country-and-western music, or jazz, or Big Band nostalgia, to Christmas or Christmas shopping. There are even "starter cruises," budget-priced come-ons outside the peak seasons, offered in the belief that the biggest hurdle to building up the cruise business is getting people over the idea they will be "cooped up on a boat."

Pitching "value for dollar," and with an eye to repeat business, travel agents are anxious to deliver satisfaction. Usually that means a soul-baring session in which the agent tries to guide the client to a suitable destination.

A couple of examples will serve to illustrate the consequences of failure in this little exercise.

One family outlined in painstaking detail to a travel agent, or "consultant," as some call themselves, what they wanted from their trip. The answer seemed to spell Barbados, so that's where he sent them.

"When they got back, they called me and complained I hadn't told them there were so many black people in Barbados," he sighed. "Some people should probably stay home."

Then there was the employee of a country music station who told another travel agent he wanted to get as far as possible from the "twangs and thangs." He was directed to Spain's Canary Islands, off the West Africa coast.

"When he got there, he found a country music convention in progress in his hotel."

If you're not rich, says one specialist, you may look for a housekeeping room, called "efficiency units" in the trade. You may also, he warns, expect the Cadillac package for the Volkswagen price, but you won't get it. Cost comparisons, though, can leave the ordinary person as exhausted as working the other 50 weeks of the year to save up for the trip. Every destination has a different combination of what's paid and not paid in the travel package, and every destination has different temptations aimed at separating

dollars from tourists. Whatever combinations are chosen, choose carefully: according to the travel industry, those hard-earned vacation dollars represent the average Canadian's third biggest investment, after home and car.

For most Atlantic Canadians the choice for vacations in the sun are Florida and the Caribbean Islands. And estimates are that from two-thirds to four-fifths of them pick Florida, specifically the west coast of the state.

The magnetism of Florida in winter is obvious, though untimely frosts and foul weather in the last decade have shifted its peak season from December through late February to February through May, and even later.

It's family-oriented, with attractions like Disney World and the Kennedy Space

salesman, has vacationed in both Florida and Freeport, in the Bahamas. He says there is a wider variety of food and other purchases in Florida, and the competition makes for lower prices, but his reason for two "thoroughly enjoyable" trips to Freeport is summed up in one word — "tranquility."

"I wanted to get away from my job, no competition, no confrontations . . . When you're in Florida, you have more of a habit of keeping on the go. I didn't want to keep on the go. I just wanted to lie on the beach."

At the same time, Hamblen says, there's only one way to get a cheap meal on the islands — "cook it yourself." Among the islands, the Bahamas' proximity to Florida, barely 100 kilometres away at the closest point, helps to keep prices reasonably well down, he says.

Carmel Shannon-Lewis, who runs the Halifax office of Touram, an Air Canada subsidiary and another of the big tour wholesalers in the region, rates Jamaica, Barbados and cruises, in that order, behind Florida in popularity.

In the peak February-March period, Touram can fly you to St. Petersburg from Halifax and provide a hotel room and car for a week for about \$750-\$800. At that time, a one-week stay in Jamaica at a comparable hotel will run you \$900-\$1,000, and you'll have to rent a car yourself. Be-

tween Feb. 15 and March 8, a one-week cruise on the *Caribe I* out of Miami, or the *Boheme*, sailing from St. Petersburg, costs between \$1,300 and \$1,400, although that feeds you and you don't need transportation.

Food costs are a big variable, basically by destination. If you're Florida-bound, expect to feed yourself. Prices are a lot lower than at home. Regular travellers say the difference makes up, at least, for the shock of giving your bank \$1,000 Canadian for \$700 in U.S. travellers cheques.

One travel agent estimated, in round figures, that peak-season air fare and accommodations, based on two people travelling Halifax-to-Florida and staying two weeks would cost \$1,000 per person. Most often, that couple will take \$1,500 to spend, and spend it all. That's \$3,500 for two people for two weeks.

Overall, it's cheaper than all the near-

Don't expect the Cadillac package for the Volkswagen price. Cost comparisons are wearisome but essential; vacation dollars represent the average Canadian's third biggest investment after home and car. Atlantic region folk choose Florida first, then Jamaica, Barbados and cruises, but Spain is enjoying a spate of popularity



Centre which are virtually unmatched and irresistible for tots through to teens. Kids can talk in the same language to others they meet, visit the local junk-food joint and kick around the same American rock idols.

Bob Sime represents Conquest Tours, one of three big package wholesalers in Atlantic Canada, and he says the key to the popularity of Florida is accessibility, as it is to a recent upsurge of interest in Conquest's new service to Spain.

Years ago, Air Canada began running flights through Montreal and Toronto to Tampa, from which the most convenient connections were to St. Petersburg on Florida's west coast. "As a result," he says, "an awful lot of people from this area have condominiums in Florida, or have been going there as they grew up. That has built the basis . . . and it continues to grow."

Grant Hamblen, a Halifax insurance

by alternatives except Cuba. Syd Cann, who runs a coffee shop in Dartmouth, N.S., has been to Barbados twice and says "I love it," but estimates that \$3,500 would be more like \$5,000 for two weeks in Barbados.

"I think it (Barbados) is fantastic . . . You can find a different buffet in a different restaurant every night, with entertainment, fire-dancing and limbo dancing and calypso music and so on, and it's all in the price of the meal."

"But I found that they have found out what we're paying for things up here and that's how they gauge their prices," he says. "They bring their beef from Australia. They haven't got manufacturing plants for hardly anything. It's cheaper to buy a bottle of rum down there than a bottle of pop. When you buy a six-pack of Coke, you not only leave a deposit on the bottles, you leave a deposit on the carton. You're on vacation, you're not going to return them. You've got to add all that on to your holiday costs."

And then, there's Cuba, Fidel Castro's island, which seems to share a couple of things with cruising — it's a great buy but some people seem to have a mental block about it.

Until the mid-1970s, Cuba's tourists came almost exclusively from eastern bloc countries. Unitours opened the place up for Canadians about eight years ago with flights through Toronto and Montreal and most Canadians still leave from there for Cuba.

For years now, Canada has been Cuba's biggest single source of tourist dollars. Quebecers, especially, are drawn to places like Varadero Beach, 115 kilometres from Havana. It's a pre-revolutionary millionaires' playground in which the Cuban government is sinking \$500 million to upgrade facilities for western tourists.

This winter season, Paramount Holidays is offering weekly Halifax-Havana flights every Saturday from Feb. 15 until sometime in May. Paramount is the third big tour operator in Atlantic Canada.

Another operator tried the Halifax-Havana venture last year but apparently tied its success to a stop at Freeport, which didn't pay and torpedoed the whole idea.

Paramount product manager Peter Fry, like others who have been there, says Cuba is a place for those seeking great weather and beaches, a relaxed, safe holiday and solid value for their money.

"It's very much a value-for-money destination," he says. "It's not a flashy place, like Nassau or something." Accommodations are a "good, standard type of product . . . They're not in the first-class or deluxe business."

Paramount's week in Cuba will run to \$729 Canadian, at a time when you'll pay about \$600 for that week in St. Petersburg, hotel but no car included in both cases. The difference shows in the extras, especially food costs. The Cuba price covers two meals a day, breakfast and dinner, with a welcoming cocktail and a beer

or soft-drink with dinner. There's none of that in the Florida package. Then there's shopping. You just won't find the temptations in Cuba.

About 32,000 Canadians visited Cuba in 1984-85, discovering what one journalist called Cubans' real strength — coddling tourists.

Despite that, some shy away. Hamblen summed up one reason — "just the name of the place scares the hell out of me."

Those who've been there, though, say you'll see more uniforms and guns in a lot of more popular vacation spots, that it's simply not a problem in Cuba for vacationers.

One spot far from either Florida or the Caribbean enjoying a recent spate of popularity is Spain, but there a whole new set of considerations apply. It's more of a year-round vacation area where you'll run head on into a totally different, deeper-rooted set of foreign customs, and the language and currency complications of any continental European trip. A big draw is prices. It's no more expensive to get there than Florida and a lot cheaper when you arrive.

"Most people who take \$1,500 to spend for two weeks in Spain come home with \$500 or \$600 in their pocket," says one agent.

But watch the weather, cautioned another. Mid-winter in parts of Spain can, frequently, make you think you're back home. ☒



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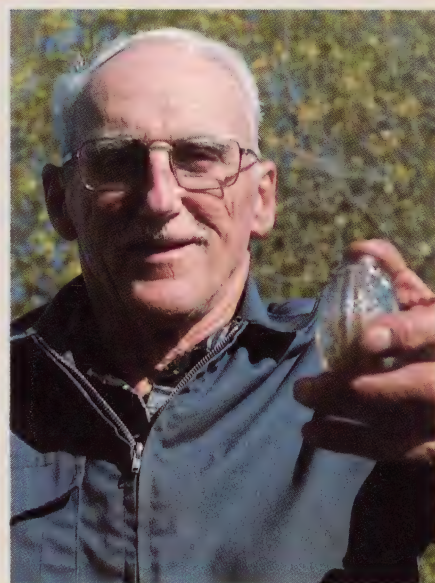
OLKS

Josh Breau has a secret of living to be over 103 years old: "I'm a good boy and I don't chase wild women!" he says, smiling a toothless grin. Breau retired at age 97, drank his first beer at age 100, and recently learned how to dance. He was born on Aug. 27, 1882 into a family of 15 in Gayton, N.B. Breau has been a farmer, a woodsman, and a steam-shovel operator. It's obvious that he liked the third profession the best, because when the name "steam shovel" is mentioned his eyes light up, he grins, and claps his weathered hands. Steam shovels bring back memories of the five years (1925-30) that he spent helping to dig the Welland Canal. A short time ago, the television program, *Thrill of a Lifetime* paid for Breau to travel to Ontario and operate a

Breau: at 103, no chasing women, wild ones that is

steam shovel in front of the cameras. Breau is quite deaf and has a pacemaker, but he's surprisingly fit for his age. He rises at the Spartan hour of 4:30 a.m. and retires around 10 p.m. depending what's on television. Not one to sit around the house, Breau keeps occupied doing the family's dishes, tending his two grandsons, scything the long grass around the place, walking up the road, reading, and in recent times talking to reporters. Since he started living with Leona Cormier and her family he has found that life begins at 100. They were the first ones to take him dancing and show him a good time. On weekends Breau never misses a dance. He's out from 10 p.m. until 1 a.m. and he's never had so much fun. All his married life he let his wife, Josephine, go to the dances while he stayed home and cared for their 14 children. But how did he learn to dance? Leona Cormier explains, "He just looked at what the others were doing and he started to waltz."

Alex MacRae takes a tiny sea shell from a glass jar on the kitchen shelf and carefully inserts it in his eye like a contact lens. While everyone else in the room winces, MacRae barely blinks. The little shell, about a quarter inch around and an eighth of an inch thick has been in the family ever since he can remember. The retired farmer from Waterside, P.E.I. says "the eyestone" was used by lots of people before the age of modern medicine. When inserted into the eye, it reputedly removes any foreign substance. "We used to get stuff in our eyes when we were thrashing grain," remembers MacRae. "My mother used to put this in our eye." He fingers the smooth shell in the palm of his hand after the demonstration. "It doesn't hurt," he insists. "You barely feel it . . . just a little scraping maybe." MacRae says the eyestone, once



MacRae: "eyestone" in brown sugar

inserted, "crawls" around the outer edges of the eye in a circular pattern causing any foreign matter to stick to it. When the shell is plopped out by pulling on the eyelid, the foreign substance comes with it. Proponents of "the eyestone" actually believe the minute shell is alive. Incredibly they keep it in brown sugar, removing it only for medical emergencies. MacRae says if the shell isn't kept in the sugar, it will dry up. "It's got to be kept in sugar," he says earnestly. "That preserves it." Several Prince Edward Islanders still have eyestones. They were especially popular among sailors in the late 1800s. The little sea shells were said to be very effective for removing tar (used to coat ropes) from the eyes of deck hands.

Leland Stewart, 71, of Hebbs Cross, N.S., served up a mountain of beans, bread, biscuits and pies in his three decades as a logging camp cook in Nova Scotia's "Rossignol Country." Back in the dirty 30s it was a 17-hour day, seven-day week job feeding 65 to 70 hungry, hard-working woodsmen. The day began at 3:45 a.m. when the cook stoked up the stove, put in the crock of beans, steeped the tea and dressed up the table. By 5 a.m. "the men were lined up aggravating the daylight's out of you" to get their breakfast. They were paid on commission and were eager to get out into the woods to make money. A cook really had to have enough for six meals a day for the men. "They'd get their breakfast and grab everything they could get their hands on. They did the same at noon and at supper," he recalls. Logging camp cooks had to make do with modest cooking supplies. "They wanted you to feed them like kings and you had nothing to work with," Stewart says. There were no eggs, milk, fresh meat or canned goods. The cook even had to make his own pie fillings. When Stewart joined his father as a cook's assistant at age 14, he even had to provide wood for the kitchen fires. Besides



his cooking duties, which ended at 9 p.m., he spent his afternoons cutting, limbing, sawing and splitting birch slabs for the fire. He also trucked lunches 2½ miles out to the logging site so the men didn't have to leave their work for lunch break. By age 16, Stewart had his own camp of 45 to 50 men to cook for. "The men who had very little to eat at home would give you the most trouble," he says. "The ones who had enough to eat at home wouldn't give any trouble." Stewart spent his entire career as a cook with the exception of 3½ years as a dockworker in Halifax. He also cooked for the railways and for 11 years ran a popular Bridgewater area restaurant. Despite working with only the bare essentials in the logging camps, he says "if a guy knew his stuff at all, he could sit down and give a pretty good meal."

vera plants and makes fishing flies out of canary feathers. Customers at the barbershop can sit and listen to bird song while the scissors snip away or they can engage Wournell in conversation. "I love to argue," he confesses. Discussions range from politics to the best concoction for baby budgies. (Pablum, hard-boiled eggs and cod liver oil is the current choice but that, too, is debatable.) Two things in the barbershop on Albro Lake Road go unquestioned — the price of a haircut and the merits of canaries.

What on earth drives 67-year-old **Walter Wilson** of Sackville, N.B. to collect nearly everything he can get his hands on? "I really don't know why!" he says. There's just no telling what might be hanging on the roof or walls of Wilson's two garages that once housed his

just hate to see anything go to waste." But it makes one wonder — his collection has taken up two garages already, will his house be next?

In his 20 years' experience as the official designer for Memorial University at St. John's, **Ian Stewart**, 49, has had occasion to design everything from wooden bowls to ornate plaques commemorating provincial hydro-electric projects. However, it's a sideline to this work which has brought him recognition: the design of coins. "When I was first asked to design a medal," says Stewart, "I didn't want to get involved." There are special problems with coins and medals, he says. When a coin is struck, "tremendous pressure is applied in the blow form. If you design the coin in the wrong way, the metal is displaced and the dies burst."



ALBERT LEE



PETER GARD

Wournell: an aviary cum barbershop

A little off the beaten track on Albro Lake Road in Dartmouth you can still get a \$3 haircut. Stepping into **Orison Wournell's** barber shop is like visiting another world — a tropical, always summer world. Seventy-year-old Wournell has been cutting hair for 55 years and breeding birds in his barbershop for at least as long. On last count 16 large cages of Border Fancy canaries were holding court in full voice. "It started out with snakes," says Wournell. "When I was ten years old I asked my dad for guinea pigs. He said no . . . so I decided on snakes." He chuckles as he neatens up a customer's haircut with an electric razor. "I told him later I'd get rid of the snakes for a guinea pig. He agreed on letting me have one but I got a pregnant girlie and before you knew it we had 50 guinea pigs." The never-ending list of Wournell's breeding hobbies went from guinea pigs to rabbits to pigeons to tropical fish to Persian cats to a three-year stint of beekeeping but through it all the canary song remained strong. They sing in the barbershop now amid a riot of greenery after Wournell's wife evicted the flock from their modest home in Dartmouth. Not only does Wournell breed birds at his place of business, he also raises cucumbers, jade trees, aloe

Stewart: Newfoundland came out on top

tractor and car. He proudly shows curious visitors an artificial leg explaining, "There was a lady I knew who used to wear that." Next he retrieves a heavy metal object with a pig stamped on it. "Know what that's for? That's a bacon press. Just put it on the bacon in the fry pan and it keeps your bacon from going all curly." Wilson gets down a ticket from the Musical Ride that someone gave him for his collection. Then there's a \$20 cheque made out to his daughter. "I gave her the \$20 so that I could keep the cheque myself," he reports. The rafters of the garages are densely packed with hanging objects suspended by ropes or strings. Some are intrinsically worthless while others might be valuable antiques. He has an old skate that was worn in the days when people strapped them to their boots, and some mid-19th century Eaton's catalogues that he found stuffed in the wall of his house. His bulletin boards are crammed full of buttons and decals with different sayings on them. Of course, he wouldn't refuse more. The rest of his collection is made up of battered up dolls, trinkets, gadgets, and all things weird and wonderful. While psychologists would probably have a field day explaining what motivates Wilson's collecting mania, he says quite simply, "I

Stewart's most recent medal is the Newfoundland Bravery Award medal. Other designs include Newfoundland's Silver Anniversary medal (commemorating 25 years of Confederation); and the Newfoundland Volunteer Services medal. His greatest coup, however, came last year following a call for coins to mark the 1988 Winter Olympics in Calgary. Stewart was among 700 designers who submitted drawings. Having one design reach the finals would have been an accomplishment. Stewart's tally: of nine designs he submitted, four were chosen as final and two as runners-up. He did his designs in three weeks, during which time there was a big sleet storm "which knocked out our power for days and I remember finishing half the drawings by hurricane lamp." Besides researching nine sports in a brief period, Stewart had to work out action poses on a coin surface already occupied by text. "I had to put a design in, bound by their limitations," he recalls. "For example, I ended up making the curler left-handed." The other winning entries bearing Stewart's initials are Downhill Skiing, Ice Hockey and Cross Country Skiing. "You could say this was one of those instances where Newfoundland really came out on top."

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A.I.

Reviving old music

Tony Murphy is a part-time brewery worker and Will O'Hara is a lawyer, but they're also luthiers — they make lutes and other centuries-old stringed instruments. It's part of their passion for Early Music

by Brian Seaman

What's made of wood, fills a room with sound from its gut, has its stomach on its breast and has a long neck? The answer to this peculiar 17th century German riddle is a lute — which is a peculiar 17th century musical instrument. At least that's what it is in most people's minds. In fact it could also be called an instrument of the Maritime Provinces in the late 20th century.

Not only is there a growing interest in "old music" but lutes, harpsichords, virginals and violas are in fact being made in Dartmouth. Part-time brewery worker Tony Murphy and his partner, Halifax lawyer Will O'Hara are among a very limited number of Canadians who are luthiers. They have an exacting task producing replicas of instruments used centuries ago, in some cases predating Christopher Columbus.

The New Guild Luthiers, as they call themselves, have a special kind of cottage industry on the go — all the work is done on their dining room tables, so overhead costs are not high. Says Murphy, "Because we're not a factory, all you need is a room to build these instruments. The shop is really the instrument itself."

For O'Hara the business began as a hobby. He wanted a diversion from the legal niceties associated with doing contract work for East Coast artists and entertainers. Murphy traces his start as a luthier to his student days at Dalhousie University, when he repaired harpsichords for spare cash.

"I've always been fascinated by Early Music," Murphy says. "A lot of it is barely charted territory. There's room for discerning new old things." (Early Music refers to the European Renaissance and Baroque periods which spans 1400-1750.) Murphy's curiosity for hoary music was forged by serious study at Dalhousie University. There, he majored in harpsichord, as part of his work towards a degree in music.

O'Hara's background reveals a similar love for very old songs and instruments. Unlike most lawyers, his pre-legal education was a music degree with a major in lute.

Although it may seem a bit of a jump from playing for fun to making instruments for profit, the evolution for the pair was a natural one. "It's hard to divorce the instrument from the musician," Murphy says. In the years since university, Murphy and O'Hara continued their study of the gentle, lilting

music characteristic of the Renaissance and Baroque eras. The two, who had become friends in university, saw their already quiet passion for this music deepen. They considered making instruments just for themselves, then for other musicians in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. They were drawn into the luthier trade.

Traditional luthiers were craftsmen of impeccable finesse who worked in tight professional guilds. These were cliquish groups in which individual manufacturing techniques were jealously kept secret, often only to be divulged in a father-son relationship.



Murphy (left) and O'Hara at work

The New Guild Luthiers aren't secretive. Their trade is also much less demanding than the original profession. Modern luthiers don't have to search for the right grain of wood, and ready it for measuring and cutting into various shaped pieces. These steps have been replaced by expensive, ready-to-assemble kits imported from the Early Music Shop in London, England.

There's a considerable amount of time, along with much patient work, involved in bringing mute pieces of wood to their final, musical form. It requires anywhere from 40 hours for a lute to 500 hours for a Flemish harpsichord.

Murphy's pride is a harpsichord that he built for a Dalhousie music professor. The instrument, a French harpsichord with two keyboards, is only slightly smaller than a baby grand piano and looks something like it. The ebony body has a shimmering lustre — the result of careful painting and polishing. Two gold bands run along its side. Each band was formed by several small bits of real gold leaf, as

thin as onion skin, carefully laid end to end. Applying them was the most delicate part of the finishing process. The instrument's cover has several hand-painted flowers on its underside.

Lutes are the most popular project so far. O'Hara has sold one, Murphy two, and both men worked on more this summer. A lute is perhaps the easiest Early Music instrument to make. The process is simple enough. The pre-cut parts must be sanded and glued together, using animal hide glue. The lamb gut strings are then adjusted to the right amount of tension. The trickiest part is carving out the rose — an ornate, circular flower in the lute's belly that is both decorative and functional. Because of it, the lute has a soft, sonorous sound.

"It's a difficult thing to carve," O'Hara says. It's not hard to see why. The eye is arrested by a riot of detail. Delicate lines of wood snake and overlap in writhing display that seems only to be frozen, waiting to be thawed into life. The convoluted design reveals the slow handiwork

of a steady hand holding a sharp knife. For Murphy, the rose is a source of challenge and joy. "I've always been the kind of person who revels in detail," he says.

New Guild Luthiers are but one aspect of a fecund pocket of Early Music activity in the Halifax-Dartmouth area. The 90-member Early Music Society of Nova Scotia has put on several concerts this year to mark the 300th anniversary of the births of three Baroque giants — Johann Sebastian Bach, George Frederick Handel and Domenico Scarlatti. A small Renaissance dance group at Dalhousie has also kept up its profile.

There are other pockets of Early Music lovers on the East Coast, too. Nova Scotia's south shore has a few scattered players, and a thriving little community exists in the Fredericton-Woodstock area. These groups just may need the nimble hands of luthiers some day. The thought certainly isn't lost on either of the New Guild Luthiers. "I'm quite sure there's nobody else doing this east of Montreal," O'Hara says. Adds Murphy, "I'm an opportunist. If the opportunity is there to do it, I'll expand." For now, though, the enterprise remains a part-time affair, as the two luthiers wait for word to get around that a centuries-old craft is experiencing a little renaissance here in Atlantic Canada.

Elves of the Maritimes and their enterprises



Making candy in Yarmouth

by Moira Welsh

Remember barley toys and ribbon candy? To many transplanted Maritimers and Newfoundlanders they're as much a part of Christmas past (and present) as the tree. And Jack Egan of the Yarmouth (N.S.) Candy Company delights in playing Santa Claus every year when shipping packages of his firm's traditional handmade candies to satisfy Christmas cravings across the country.

"It feels good to satisfy their childhood memories . . . and keep alive the tradition of Maritime Christmas candy," Egan says. To do that, he started a mail order business a few years ago, in addition to his established candy company, to meet demands for his candies from people living as far away as Vancouver.

Through the letters they send, he has learned that many of his customers bought the candy when they lived in the region and have missed its distinctive flavor since leaving. "Ribbon and barley candy are a tradition here," he says. "But they're difficult to find anywhere else . . . so when Christmas arrives, people who have moved send in their orders."

He refers to a woman from Lethbridge, Alta., who wrote for the barley candy, telling him it was the finest quality candy she had ever had. "I don't want to sound like I'm bragging," he says, "but that's what she told me."

Orders like those have brought Egan into contact with people on more than a business relationship. Many times his customers are surprised when he ships the candy without first requiring a payment. They haven't seen business done this way, he says, and they often comment on the trust he displays. Curious about the man who does business in a seemingly old-fashioned way, they often visit Egan on trips back to the Maritimes. "They want to see where the candy comes from," he says modestly. What they see is a family

business located in a renovated barn behind Egan's home in Hebron, four miles north of Yarmouth.

Using the same candy-making process that has been handed down for over 175 years, the ambience of the factory is one of a small, friendly business where work is done not with modern machinery, but by the efforts of those experienced in what Egan likens to an art. Much of the candy-



Egan satisfies childhood memories
making process is undertaken in one room. Large wooden barrels line the walls, and bags of sugar are piled on the floor. The candy-makers, dressed in white aprons and hats, measure ingredients in an old weighing scale that rests on a table by the window.

Shipping of the 4,000, 14-ounce packages of barley and ribbon candies the company puts out each Christmas is done from an adjoining room. And up a steep flight of wooden stairs is the office where Egan sits, responding to mail orders and overseeing the demands of the Christmas season.

Keeping that tasteful practice alive is no easy feat. Egan starts preparing for Christmas about mid-October when he augments his staff of six with five more workers, and adds an evening shift.


In preparation for a batch of barley toys, as Egan calls the stick-held candy, the main ingredients — sugar, glucose, water and flavoring — are boiled in a large copper kettle. Once heated to around 300F degrees, the liquefied mixture is poured into two dippers. Cast iron moulds, in shapes of Santa Claus, cats, dogs and squirrels, are lined up on a water-cooled table to take the candy from a liquid to hardened state. Working quickly, the candy-makers insert holding sticks into the moulds, and in about five minutes another 15-pound batch of barley toys has been added to the Christmas supply.

The ribbon candy is made with the same boiling process, but, once cooled, long strips of the multi-colored candy are pulled through a small, hand-powered crimping machine, hence the candy's crimped ribbon-like formation. The pure oils of lemon, orange, cassia (similar to cinnamon), wintergreen and peppermint give the candy its multitude of flavors.

Those ingredients and old-fashioned production methods are something Egan has used since buying the recipes from Yarmouth candy-maker Clifford Porter in 1966. By the response Egan receives from Maritimers and Maritimers at heart, the candy factory is titillating many a sweet tooth.

The candy is in stores throughout the Atlantic region, and according to Egan, once it hits the shelves "everyone buys it up." Store managers, who base their orders on previous Christmas sales, "really want to have the candy." Egan adds that one manager of a major retail chain in Corner Brook, Nfld., says he has never had candy as good. Overall, annual Christmas sales of the candy in stores usually hover around the \$50,000 mark.

Customers gather up the stuff fast. They have to — once the season is over, the candy, like Christmas, won't return for another year.



Growing holly in Lunenburg

by Denise Brun

Holly, with its glossy green leaves and scarlet berries, is as much a part of the Christmas tradition as turkey with all the trimmings. However, decking the halls with boughs of holly can be an expensive proposition for Atlantic Canadians if they have to rely on the cut branches which are flown in from British Columbia for the festive season.

Dick Steele thinks he has the answer: he grows holly at his farm in Rose Bay, Lunenburg County, N.S. — something considered hard to do in this climate. It's an interest which began on a visit to England some 12 years ago. The amazing variety of holly on display in Windsor Great Park, near Windsor Castle, prompted Steele to bring back a cutting of English holly to see if it could survive a Nova Scotian winter. That cutting was to form the foundation of a collection of over 30 different types of holly which Steele now grows and breeds in the woods and fields around his nursery. The results have been so encouraging that he is convinced that certain types of holly can flourish on the East Coast.

Holly plants have been available from local nurseries for several years now, but all the plants are imported. Blue Boy, Blue Girl and Blue Princess sound more like the names of racehorses than plants but these are all varieties of the blue hollies, so called for the bluish cast to their leaves. Somewhat smaller than their English cousins, the plants were bred by crossing an English holly with a Korean variety. Providing they are sheltered from wind, the blue hollies winter well here. However, there is a patent on these plants so they can't be produced for commercial purposes.

A certain amount of horticultural savvy is necessary, Steele points out, before you can hope for success in growing holly. The female plant which bears the berries must have a male plant nearby for pollination to occur. For a particularly splashy show of color, several female bushes may be planted with one male plant between them. The process is slow. If the holly is grown from seed, germination can take anywhere from one to five years. Once a bush does bear berries they will last throughout the winter months.

Encouraged by his success, Steele recently met with the director of the Holly Society of America and will be receiving seeds of some different varieties with which he plans to experiment. "I think we're going to be able to grow quite a wide

variety of hollies here in Nova Scotia," he says, "providing they have winter hardiness." Some of his plants have now reached heights of between three and a half to five feet. He has even cultivated miniature holly plants, rather like bonsai trees, which he calls his "pets."

Steele's biggest problems are not whether his holly will survive and bear fruit but how to keep deer from decimating his plants. For deer the prickly leaves of the holly bush are a delicacy they just can't resist. Although Steele doesn't have any of his own plants for sale as yet, he hopes to build up future stock as his hollies mature. Meantime, should you discard the dead boughs of holly outside after the Christmas season is over, check periodically to see if they have rooted. Some of Steele's most promising holly bushes have had their genesis in a humble compost heap. ☒



Creating gnomes in Moncton

by Carol McLeod

In a small warehouse on the east end of Main Street in downtown Moncton, the 20 craftspeople at Melanson Display Ltd. have just put the finishing touches on the elves, reindeer, angels and polar bears that will decorate malls and department stores across Canada this Christmas.

One of the company's greatest successes has been its whimsical World of Gnomes — a display featuring six animated figures busily repairing their eight-foot by eight-foot tree house. In the foreground, under two 12-foot pine trees, a mother gnome feeds berries to an oversize fantail bird while her child sits on the bird's back.

This display and others like it are the creation of company owner and president Emery Melanson, an affable man in his mid-40s whose enthusiasm bespeaks his pride of craftsmanship. "Everything we make, we make with care," he says. "It's really satisfying running a successful business, but so is expressing myself artistically."

Despite the competition created by three other Canadian and ten American display firms, Melanson estimates that he supplies Christmas decorations to as many as 15 per cent of the malls and department stores in Canada. Gross sales for 1984 totalled \$800,000, and even better results are expected this year.

The company's entire line is produced in the Moncton warehouse. After Melan-

son completes a sketch, he and his engineer combine artistic ability and practicality to produce the final design specifications. Carpenters, welders, painters and tailors then work their magic to create the new piece.

Some decorations are animated, others are not, but all are made by hand. The less complicated pieces — such as wreaths, garland, snowflakes and stars — are produced from an extensive inventory of dies, moulds and wire forms. More elaborate products, such as trees and houses, are constructed of wood and celastic; angels of steel rod; human and animal figures of latex.

At present, Melanson Display is the only company in Canada manufacturing mechanized figures. Even so, Melanson finds that some stores are reluctant to buy from an eastern firm because of transportation costs. He says being located in the Maritimes is also a disadvantage when it comes to monitoring changes in the market in other parts of Canada. "One of my competitors is in Montreal," he explains, "another in Toronto. They're right in the centre of the biggest markets and can stay on top of things. I have to try and make up for that." The most effective way he has found of dealing with the problem is by placing sales representatives in British Columbia, Calgary and Toronto.

Melanson, a native of Moncton, started his own business in 1976 after 12 years of creating decorations and window displays for Moncton's largest department store, J.D. Creaghan Co. Ltd. He honed his natural artistic ability by studying drafting and drawing, and over the years has won 12 major international trade awards.

After Melanson Display Ltd. was incorporated, Melanson used the contacts he had made attending national trade shows to build up sales. He also operated a showroom for a time in Toronto. His first major client was the T. Eaton Company. Since then he has added Sears, The Bay and numerous malls.

His key to success has been his ability to give customers what they want. "Most people," he says, "prefer traditional Christmas decorations. Mall managers won't risk alienating shoppers by using anything avant-garde."

Although Christmas is the company's busiest season, there is an increasing demand for fall, Easter and summer decorations. In the past, Melanson has designed everything from cat's-tail panel silkscreens to Easter houses full of bunnies to wooden kites of every shape and size. In the future, Melanson would like to open a showroom in Boston and capture some of the New England market. Right now, however, he's too busy planning for Easter and designing displays for Christmas 1986 to think much about the long term.

Does his preoccupation with Christmas dampen his enthusiasm for the holiday of holidays? "We may spend nine months of the year working on Christmas," he grins, "but it doesn't matter — I still look forward to Dec. 25." ☒

Chanukah Dinner

The Jewish Festival of Lights combines history and religion and features special foods. It rivals Christmas for gifts and age-old traditions and delicacies

by Bette Tetreault

Chanukah is the Jewish Festival of Lights, coming at the beginning of winter when the waning sun ushers in the beginning of the season for candlelight and fires. All major Jewish festivals are multi-purpose, with an historical, religious element and a seasonal, secular side. Chanukah (pronounced the ch as in "loch") celebrates the beginning of the winter season, as Passover does for spring, Shavout for summer and Sukkot the autumn.

Chanukah (sometimes anglicized as Hanukah) is a festival, a joyous holiday, and is traditionally associated with special foods and games. Children receive small gifts of money (Chanukah gelt) and seasonal treats like nuts and raisins with which they gamble in a game played with a four-sided top called a dreidle.

A favorite food of the season, in addition to latkes (potato pancakes) are savganiot, jelly-filled, sugar-crust doughnuts. Kreplach usually find their way into the omnipresent chicken soup for this season too. These are usually described as "Jewish ravioli" and can be stuffed with kasha (buckwheat), cheese, potato, chicken livers, chicken or boiled beef. Since Chanukah begins the winter season it's also the traditional starting date for heavy winter meats, in particular pot roast, a superb accompaniment to latkes.

Chanukah commemorates an historic rebellion and a miracle. In the declining years of the Macedonian Empire, the Jews were ruled by Antiochus who decided to eliminate Judaea as a political unit and outlaw Judaism. Pagan altars were set up in the temples and Jewish rites, customs and books were forbidden. Thousands of Jews were killed and thousands of others were forced to renounce their faith.

Finally, in a small town, an old man named Matthias declared war on the Greeks. One of his five sons, Judah Macabee, led them all in a guerilla war which was ultimately successful, freeing Jerusalem. While restoring the desecrated Temple in Jerusalem after the war, they found only one vial of oil pure enough to be used for the eternal flame. By a miracle that one day's supply burned for seven days until new oil could be prepared.

In memory of this victory and the miracle of the light, Jews celebrate Chanukah for eight days and burn candles

in a menorah, the eight-branched candle-labra that is one of the traditional symbols of Judaism. On the first day one candle is lit, on the second two and so on. A ninth, central candle, is called the Shamus and is used daily to light all the others.

Freida Perlin of Halifax shares some of her memories of Chanukah and her delicious recipes. Born in Saint John, Mrs. Perlin has lived in Halifax since World War II and raised her three children there. She remembers, "When we came here there was only one synagogue in Halifax, the Baron de Hirsch; the community is much bigger today." Now she and her husband, Dr. Irving Perlin, are among the founders and staunchest members of Shaar Shalom Synagogue.

Mrs. Perlin's children grew up during the 1950s and 60s and like many others, she resisted the allure of Christmas in a Christian society by giving them presents for every night of Chanukah. She admits, "Even eight presents could never really compete with the appeal of Santa Claus and a Christmas tree." Most Jewish families in North America have faced this dilemma and gradually adjusted the style of the Chanukah celebration.

Mrs. Perlin maintains a strictly kosher home, separating meat from milk foods and buying only ritually slaughtered meats. This isn't easy in Halifax, but "luckily, I have many excuses to visit Toronto and when I go there, three or four times a year, I carry a suitcase of my baking for my daughter and son and daughter-in-law and come home with it filled with meat." Keeping kosher, she says, has become easier in the last few years in Halifax, if not everywhere in the Atlantic Provinces.

Throughout the local Jewish community, Mrs. Perlin is recognized as a cook without equal, and her kitchen as the scene of many culinary triumphs. "I often come in here in the morning to bake and only finish when I realize it's time for supper," she says. She begins her Chanukah dinner with a recipe for Challah (once again, say ch as in "loch"), the traditional Jewish bread for all festive occasions.

Challah

(makes 2 loaves)
1/2 cup lukewarm water
1 tbsp. sugar

1 package (1 tbsp.) yeast
4 cups flour
3 tbsp. sugar
2 tsp. salt
1/3 cup oil
1/2 cup water
4 eggs
sesame seeds

Mix first three ingredients and let proof for ten minutes. Put flour, sugar and salt into a large bowl, make a well in the centre and pour in the yeast mixture, water and three eggs. Knead, either by hand or machine, for approximately ten minutes until dough is smooth and elastic. Let rise for 1 1/2-2 hours in a clean, greased bowl. Shape bread and place it on a lightly-greased cookie sheet. Let rise again for one hour. Brush with beaten egg, sprinkle on sesame seeds and bake in a pre-heated oven at 350°F for 35-40 minutes.

Challah is usually braided, although for the New Year's celebration it's made in a round shape. Mrs. Perlin braids her bread in a complicated six-strand pattern, where the outer pieces are rhythmically brought into the centre. It's quite usual, however, to form a more ordinary three-strand braid, with a smaller three-strand braid on top to add height.

The most famous Chanukah food is surely latkes — potato pancakes. These are everyone's favorite and a sufficient reason for Chanukah celebrations all by themselves.

Latkes

2 lbs. peeled potatoes
ice water
2 eggs
2 tbsp. flour
1/2 tsp. baking powder
3/4 tsp. salt
dash pepper
oil for cooking

There are several ways to grate the potatoes: on a flat wire grater, on the coarse side of a four-sided grater, or in a food processor. But be sure to resist the temptation to grate too finely. The potato should retain a fair amount of its texture, and not become liquified. Whatever means you use, get the grated potato into ice water rapidly — this will prevent discoloration. Leave them in the water for 15 minutes, then drain and pat dry. Mix the grated potato with the rest of the ingredients (except the oil).



Heat a frying pan with $\frac{1}{4}$ inch oil to about 380°F and drop large tablespoonsful ($\frac{1}{8}$ cup) of the mixture into the hot oil, flatten slightly with a spatula and turn when golden brown. When the second side has browned, drain on paper towels. Latkes are usually served with applesauce or sour cream. Mrs. Perlin says, "I prefer sour cream, but serve applesauce with them for a meat meal." Her latkes also freeze very well. She reheats them in a 400°F oven until they begin to sizzle.

Mrs. Perlin's main course for the holiday is usually a roast beef or turkey. She might well end the meal with a typical Jewish miniature coffee cake called rugelach.


Rugelach

(makes 3 dozen)
 2 cups flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup icing sugar
 1 cup butter, cool, cut in small pieces
 6 oz. cream cheese
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
 1 egg
 sugar

Filling

apricot or plum jam
 a mixture of the following (approx.
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ -2 cups total):
 cinnamon sugar
 sultanas (preferably plumped in liquor)

nuts (chopped pecans or toasted almonds)
 flaked coconut

Cut the first five ingredients together with a pastry blender or use a food processor. Do not overhandle. Gather into a ball and refrigerate overnight. Divide into three parts, roll each into a 12-inch circle ($\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick). Spread with jam and sprinkle generously with the filling mixture. Cut each circle into 12 wedges and roll each piece from the wide edge to the point (like a crescent roll). Place (point down) on a greased cookie sheet. Brush with beaten egg and sprinkle with sugar. Refrigerate for 15 minutes to firm the dough and then bake in a preheated 375°F oven for 15-20 minutes. 



Dartmouth's secret terror king

Wade Kenny, at 30, is a successful writer of horror stories for the international market. He chafes at being unknown in Atlantic Canada



Wade Kenny doesn't need to climb to the top of a Himalayan peak to find the secret to success. At 30, the Dartmouth, N.S., teacher-turned-writer has found the magic formula at home, in the keys of his typewriter.

"I found out what could sell," says Kenny, whose chilling first novel, *The Attic*, was released this summer by Bantam Books to North American bookstores. Bantam representatives say that the 150,000 copies shipped, of which 25 per cent will go to Canadian bookstores, are a good paperback initial order. Kenny, it seems, is on his way to becoming a best-selling writer.

Why doesn't anyone seem to have heard of this would-be-Stephen King? — the man who has been writing horror stories for five years and who has been published in anthologies along with the terror King himself? Are Atlantic Canadians not able to recognize talent when they read it?

Kenny seems to think not, which is what prompted the writer to let this magazine know he was alive and writing. "I could never get this novel published in Canada," says Kenny. "The standards here are arbitrary. I've published short stories here, but not a novel. U.S. publishers operate according to what sells."

"In Canada, there are grants to write books and grants to publish books. We have a few writers whom everyone thinks of as gods — like Mowat, Atwood, Davies — while the rest of us don't get a chance. In the U.S. it is still possible to send off a manuscript — or get a good agent — and have your work published."


Kenny began writing after eight years of teaching history and English at Bicentennial Junior High in Dartmouth and Dartmouth High. "I started with children's stories," he says, "but within a year, I'd found my niche in the horror genre. I sent stories to Dell publishing in New York who suggested I hire an agent. After immersing myself in reading horror novels, I sat down and produced *The Attic* in one month. After three drafts, Bantam picked up the book and I've spent three years doing revisions, some of which improved the story."

Kenny, who says he was born "on Kurt Vonnegut's birthday," says that when he was young his mother worked in a movie theatre "so I saw a lot of B movies." Currently, his interests, like his rapid-fire conversation, jump from the concrete to the philosophical. The holder of a Master's degree in educational psychology, Kenny enjoys motorcycling, gymnastics, Brian Eno's music, the works of R.D. Laing, Fromm, Jung, Freud, and De Bono. He is a young man in a hurry.

"Most people in the world spend their time trying not to accomplish anything. They sit in front of their VCRs holding a beer, letting their lives slip away. I don't intend to do that."

Instead, Kenny spends his time producing between ten and 60 pages a day on his next novel, which promises to be "in the same vein as Irving's *Garp*, using black humor, with a well-synthesized ending."

In the meantime, *The Attic* is giving spookaholics everything they want in a horror novel. For \$3.95 we get a pregnant young college girl trapped against her will in an attic, sexually molested, drugged for days on end by injections from a long needle in the neck. We get her friend crushed to death by a falling statue then hung dripping in the basement to be eaten away by rats. We have the innocent young man, father of the girl's baby, becoming a victim of the power and corruption that only money can buy. We meet the self-serving and squeamishly spineless member of the police force. And finally, we get the evil and literally dirty old man whose body stench, twisted mind, and unspeakable past permeate the dark rooms of the Victorian mansion on the hill.

"It's an extension of an idea I got from *Audrey Rose*," says Kenny. "And some of the chapters open like *The Collector*." It's what sells. And Wade Kenny can write it. 

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Sawing the log finer, cheaper

Hugh Erskine of Upper Musquodoboit, N.S., knew he had to make changes to stay in the lumber business. So he bought an ultra-modern, computerized sawmill. It works just fine

The lumber business is changing — slowly. The days of horses and crosscut saws are long gone, but the industry has been slow to adapt to high technology. Says sawmill owner Hugh Erskine of Upper Musquodoboit, N.S., “Some old mills are bucking up (sawing) 1,000 board feet per man per day. A lot of people still follow tradition. You’ll see a fellow taking a board and walking outdoors with it. That was done 30 or 40 years ago.”

Erskine isn’t one of those fellows. MacTara Ltd., his \$4-million sawmill and packaging plant, is a streamlined, computerized operation that has boosted productivity far beyond anything imaginable a generation ago. “I wanted to find something so that I could survive by keeping costs down for a limited production with a high yield,” he says. “Here, we’re putting out 7,000 to 8,000 board feet per man per shift. We’ll exceed that soon; it’s a rare day that we don’t get 60,000 board feet.” And it’s all done with only eight workers on the plant floor.

Erskine’s computerized mill is one of only a few so advanced in the Atlantic Provinces. The others are mostly the large mills run by the pulp companies. Many smaller mills use computers to keep track of inventory but not, like MacTara, to control production. Given the scarcity of wood and tough markets, other full-time mills may have to follow Erskine’s example in the struggle to survive.

It’s been some three years since Erskine, a Guysborough County native, started up his ultra-modern plant with Swedish machinery. With recent refinements, he expects MacTara to produce 13-14 million board feet of lumber this year, double the initial volume.

Erskine’s pricey setup went against the grain of more conservative sawmill operators. But others, like Dale Sproule, president of the Maritime Lumber Bureau, label him an innovator. Says Sproule, also general manager of Riversdale Lumber Ltd. near Truro, “I think we have to head in that direction. The quantity of sawmill personnel is deteriorating simply because there are too many other things available.”

Sawmill workers today, Sproule continues, no longer start in their teens and work their way through the mill. So, going to automation with the help of computers makes up for the lack of seasoned workers, cutting down on human error

and sawing precisely with less waste, he says.

Likewise, Erskine would heartily agree given that MacTara keeps on running while others nearby are closed down. “I was viewed as a maverick to even think of this size and scale of computerization,” he says, “let alone get it off the ground and working.”

Key government officials quite clearly took Erskine seriously. Financing for MacTara included a \$355,000 grant from the federal Department of Regional Economic Expansion and a loan of almost \$1 million from the Nova Scotia Resources Development Board.

“I suppose it just started as a job,”



Getting more lumber from the log through computers, “optimizers” and less “kerf”

says the reticent entrepreneur, adding that he began logging at age 16 and worked in the woods for “many, many years,” then spent some 26 years in the sawmills. For most of his working life he stayed within a 50-mile radius of his present sawmill and home.

Most of MacTara’s computer software (there are five micros worth \$250,000) was designed at the plant with some help from the manufacturer. Erskine came up with the layout, mating the various pieces of the machinery to get the most from them working together.

He had his hands full. It took, among other things, 60 miles of electrical wire, 1.2 miles of conveyor belts and drive

chains, 91 motors, 74 photoelectric eyes and 620 feet of fluorescent lighting. Even back in the 1960s when Erskine was an independent logging contractor for Scott Maritimes Pulp Ltd., he was extensively mechanized. He designed a mobile log slasher to cut tree-length timber into the right lengths for pulpwood or sawwood.

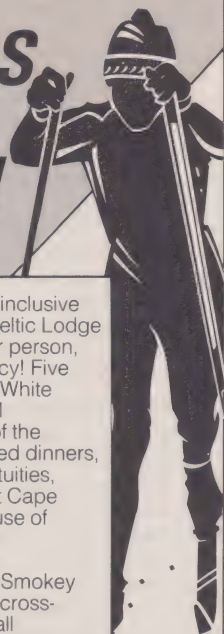
Erskine still aims to get the most from each rough log — which can be anywhere from eight to 18 feet long and 3½ to 26 inches in diameter — right from the outset. His equipment shaves off as much bark as possible (more than 99 per cent) while losing a minimum of wood fibre.

A computer, with the help of electronic scanning equipment, sizes up each log before cutting. And an “optimizer” calculates how to cut up a given log for the most wood (or the dimensions with the highest market value). Erskine keeps down wood waste by using thin “kerf” sawblades (the kerf is the wood lost to the blade, here only 125/1000 of an inch). MacTara gets “significantly” more lumber from a given sawlog than a conventional sawmill, he says.

Things weren’t always so sophisticated. Before setting up MacTara, Erskine ran another sawmill in a remote area 35 miles away. “There, we had to generate our own power, run cook houses and bunk houses.” That operation — which ranked fifth or sixth largest in the province — produced about five million board feet a year. The move to Upper Musquodoboit and automation was recommended in a feasibility study by Ottawa-based Forintek Ltd.

“If I had continued where I was,” Erskine says, “I would have been out of business. There were too many men (60 workers in the woods and mill altogether) for the productivity I was getting.

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BUSINESS

Another reason was the isolation; people no longer wanted to spend a week away from home."

Although Erskine's operation has become bigger, the sawlogs have become smaller. Nowadays, MacTara mainly uses logs of a nine-inch diameter or less. In light of the smaller stock, Erskine says, "It's crazy to put up a mill with high productivity geared to good logs if there's no supply."

But even the high productivity Erskine has achieved doesn't ensure success. Markets and prices are enduring problems. At the moment, lumber prices are disastrous, Erskine says, at about \$250 to \$260 per thousand board feet. And markets are constantly changing, thanks to fluctuations in demand and currency values. At one time, MacTara was sending up to 75 per cent of its production to the United Kingdom. This summer, by contrast, "very little" was being exported while 1.2 million board feet was shipped throughout the Atlantic region. The future of the offshore market will depend on how the Canadian dollar stacks up against the British pound and Swedish krona.

Erskine hasn't closed the book on the overseas market. He's confident about a turnaround and says MacTara is in a good position to take advantage when it happens. "We're one hour and ten minutes from the container shipping terminals in Halifax so we're well located for shipping to the U.K.," he says.

Ever the optimist, ever the innovator, Hugh Erskine survives in one of the most fiercely competitive of all businesses. ☒

Clock-maker of Sheffield

Russell Emberley was out of work when he built his first clock. He's come a long way since. This year he's even sold some in Switzerland

by Michael Prini

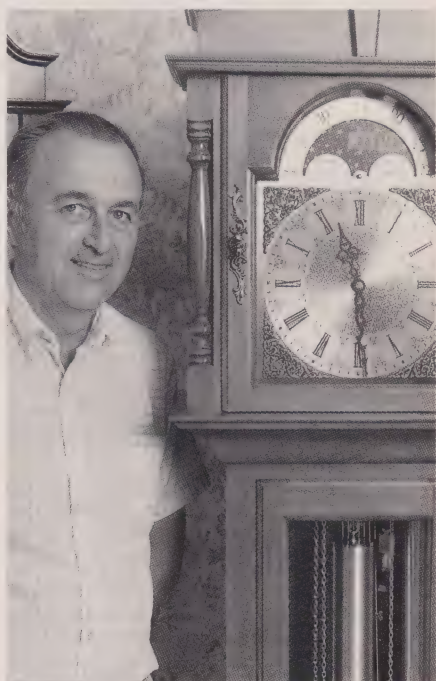
At first it was just a way to while away the idle hours of unemployment. But then the hobby became something bigger. Now Russell Emberley is self-employed in a business he loves: making grandfather clocks.

Emberley, of Sheffield, N.B., near Fredericton, got into the clock-making business about five years ago. "I wasn't doing anything," he says, "so I sent away and got a movement, built a clock, sold it, and repeated the same thing again, and decided I'd start building clocks." The Loyalist Clock Company was born.

Emberley makes some 500 clocks a year, about half of them grandfather

clocks. The rest are wall-mounted versions and kitchen clocks. The latter may go for as little as \$40 while a seven-foot grandfather, complete with chimes, commands upwards of \$1,800.

Sales of Emberley's grandfather clocks increased this year because of a hike in U.S. tourist traffic, due in part to the attractive Canadian dollar. "Certainly we've had more American tourists this year than other years," says Emberley. "We've had signs up and down the road, and that brings them in." And that's all the advertising the Loyalist Clock Company ever does — no radio or television ads, not even the occasional blurb in the local newspaper. The signs along the Trans Canada Highway at Sheffield are all the promotion the company needs, and the rest comes through word-of-mouth.



DON JOHNSON

Emberley: nostalgia made manifest

That word travels far and to some highly unlikely places. "This year we shipped to Switzerland," Emberley says proudly — which is something akin to selling television sets to the Japanese. "We've also shipped to Australia and Puerto Rico, to name a few."

Emberley's factory is a nondescript, white siding affair that looks like an enlarged mobile home. The modest showroom occupies a corner of the plant. In a line, standing tall and proud, is a version of each clock the company makes. The sweet smell of fresh-cut wood permeates the place.

The clocks' casings are made of Canadian rock maple and northern pine. Also available are mahogany, cherry-wood and oak. Spindles, intricate scrollwork and glass also make up the exterior, while inside something almost magical resides. "All our movements come from West Germany," says Emberley. "A lot of people like them because of the wood,"

adds Donna, his wife, noting that, "The German movement is the best you can buy, and the combination has a lot of bearing on it." Donna also cites nostalgia as a reason for a quick love affair with the clocks when customers enter the shop.

At any one time, Russell is working on 15 clocks, each with its own version of wood and chime. The moving moon dial, crafted of solid brass and decorated with embossed overlays, tells of the different lunar stages. Some models have three different sets of chimes, made of solid brass, that impart a unique richness and warmth, a reminder of simpler, gentler times past.

It's not hard to understand why people fall in love with grandfather clocks, especially with Russell Emberley's. They stand as tall as a basketball player and possess a grace that no athlete ever had. But, for many, the dream of owning one ends at the pocketbook. That's where Emberley comes in. While grandfather clocks sell for an average of \$3,400 out of a shop in Montreal or Toronto, the same can be had at the Loyalist Clock Company for half that price. To the casual visitor to the factory that revelation tends to bring out the cheque books and charge cards. And so another young couple heads home happy in the knowledge that the vestibule in their renovated townhouse will at last be adorned with the timeless elegance of a grandfather clock. ☐

Beds: a dream business

Bob Kay was doing well in Toronto. But he longed to get back home. He bought out a Moncton bedding firm and never looked back. Now he turns over \$10 million a year

by Katherine Tapley

Bob Kay of Moncton has turned what everyone sleeps on into a dream come true. He makes bedding. "We make everything — mattresses, box-springs, headboards, footboards," says Kay, president of Atlantic Sleep Products. "And we're Canada's largest manufacturer of water beds." Altogether, it's a \$10 million a year business and employs 150 people in a plant at Scoudouc, N.B.

It wasn't always so. After Kay purchased the Moncton-based Leonard Manufacturing Co. Ltd. in May of 1964, first-year sales of Atlantic Sleep Products came to just \$150,000. Today the company sells throughout the Atlantic Provinces, Quebec and New England. "Our expansion will have to be in Ontario," says Kay. "We have good penetration in Atlantic Canada



Kay: quality goods and a hawk-eye on the market

where we ship more mattresses than any other manufacturer."

Kay is known locally for his entrepreneurial flair. He and two partners brought cable television to Moncton, and once he even bought some buffalo in the hope of raising beefalo — the cross between cattle and buffalo that created a small sensation a few years ago. Although the beefalo didn't pan out, his other ventures have. He attributes his success to two things: watching the market like a hawk and producing quality goods at competitive prices.

One line of company mattresses is "chiropractic" and is approved by both the Canadian and American chiropractic associations. Atlantic Sleep Products has also cornered the market on supplying the Sheraton and Hilton hotel chains with all their bedding requirements.

Homesickness and a sharp eye for an opportunity are the main reasons why the Moncton area is home to Kay and his company. Now 49, Kay was sales manager and later assistant to the president of the Beverly Bedding Company's Springwall plant in Toronto when he contracted the Maritimes disease — he wanted to come home. "I always wanted to come back because I missed the sea. That's the one thing I missed more than anything while in Ontario, although I like that province," he says.

Kay got his start by taking a two-year business administration course at Mount Allison University at Sackville, N.B. "It was a piece of the Commerce course and it was just a general administrative course. They should have kept it. I think it was a very valuable course. It's difficult to get

courses like that today." After Mount Allison, he worked briefly at the Enamel and Heating Products plant in Sackville before joining the company's nearby Amherst, N.S. operation. He worked at the rolling mill office at the aircraft plant in the purchasing department. "I worked there for two years," he says, "then I went into the transport business."

For the next five years Kay was involved with a trucking company in Sackville called Roadway Express. After that he went to Toronto, first selling bedding for Leonard Manufacturing then, within a year, moving into the Springwall plant. That's when he really learned the bedding business, he says, and started planning his return to the Maritimes.

Shortly after Kay started operating Atlantic Sleep — as a Springwall licensee — he and the other Springwall plants in Canada decided that they did not like paying royalties to the American parent firm

and took action. "The Springwall plants in Winnipeg and Vancouver and this plant purchased on a one-time buy the trade marks, the patents, from Springwall, U.S.," says Kay. "Three of us got together and we paid them off in one fell swoop. To do that we formed a fourth company which is called Springwall Sleep Products Ltd., headquartered at its 10,000 square foot permanent show room in Toronto's International Centre of Commerce. We each three, individually, own our own manufacturing facilities and service an area of Canada." Atlantic Sleep Products services the area from Toronto eastward — the four Atlantic Provinces, Quebec, plus the New England States. Kay's plant has a display centre in Montreal.

One obstacle Atlantic Sleep has faced in its Moncton-area location is difficulty in getting a quick order of component materials. The company buys raw wire from the Steel Company of Canada in Ontario and Dosco in Quebec, and purchases materials such as polyurethane, fabric and insulating pads. These materials are then transformed into "our nation's finest mattresses," in Kay's words. Atlantic Sleep has seven transport trucks which ship finished goods to the Montreal and Toronto areas. The trucks return loaded with raw materials for the Scoudouc plant.

Most of Kay's employees were unskilled when he began working at Atlantic Sleep. Now they're skilled. Some have been with Kay from the beginning, and many for ten- or 15-year periods. Kay boasts that the "working environment is good and the benefits and remuneration as good as most," adding that "we haven't had a great deal of turnover." ☐

CALENDAR

NEWFOUNDLAND

Dec. 2-3 — Vienna Boys Choir, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 3 — Centre Chorale Concert, "It's Beginning to Look Like Christmas," Gander Arts and Culture Centre, Gander

Dec. 4-5 — Newfoundland Teachers Association Music Council Concerts, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 4 — Grenfell Players, Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Dec. 5-Jan. 5 — An Atlantic Community Album from Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery at Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 6-Jan. 5 — Chander Chopra: Aspects of Androgyny, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

Dec. 7 — Santa Claus Parade, Bishops Falls

Dec. 7 — Lions Annual Christmas Santa Claus Parade, Grand Falls

Dec. 8 — International Morse Code Demonstration, commemorating the 83rd anniversary of the reception of the first transatlantic radio message by Marconi on Signal Hill, St. John's

Dec. 8 — Santa Claus Parade, Ramea

Dec. 11-14 — Amahl and the Night Visitors, Theatre Newfoundland and Labrador Arts and Culture Centre, Corner Brook

Dec. 13-Jan. 5 — Art Association of

Newfoundland and Labrador Annual Exhibition, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 13-14 — Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra, featuring a seasonal program of the Nutcracker Suite, Peter and the Wolf and a Christmas medley, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

Dec. 14 — Breakfast with Santa, family pancake breakfast, games and movies, YMCA, St. John's

Dec. 16 — Annual Christmas Bird Count for Audubon, Newman Sound, Terra Nova National Park

Dec. 21 — Lions Club Christmas Parade, St. Anthony

Dec. 24 — Christmas Parade, Paquet-White Bay

Dec. 31 — New Year's Dance and Firemen's Ball, Port au Port West

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

Dec. 3-24 — Members Christmas Exhibition, Great George Street Art Gallery, Charlottetown

Dec. 6-7 — Olde Fashioned Christmas, one of the annual fund-raising events for the Confederation Centre of the Arts, Charlottetown

Dec. 8 — Handel's Messiah, annual production of the Confederation Centre Music Department, Charlottetown

Dec. 21 — Sing Noel, singalong with

massed choirs and the Confederation Centre Music Department, Charlottetown

Dec. 29 — Island Optical Polar Run, five mile road race, Charlottetown

NOVA SCOTIA

(Correction, Nov. '85 issue) Nov. 29-Dec. 1 — Craftsmen's Christmas Market, Dalplex, Halifax

Dec. 2-Feb. 28 — The Art of Interpretation, an exhibit to mark the National Parks Centennial, Public Archives of Nova Scotia, Halifax

Dec. 5-8 — Nova Dance Theatre, new season of contemporary dance theatre under the artistic direction of Jeanne Robinson includes new dance works from the artistic director, Francine Boucher and Leica Hardy, Sir James Dunn Theatre, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

Dec. 14 — Christmas Ceilidh, sponsored by the Cape Breton Gaelic Society, Sydney

Dec. 14-15 — Hanging of the Greens, decorating ceremony, Sydney

Dec. 15 — Handel's Messiah presented by the combined choirs — Cantabile, Truro and the Dalhousie Chamber Choir, Halifax, with Symphony Nova Scotia under the direction of Jeff Joudrey: soloists, Carol Latimer, Elvira Gonella, Robert McLaren, Eric Hominick, First United Church, Truro

Dec. 16 — Handel's Messiah (as above), St. Theresa's Church, Halifax

Dec. 22 — The Symphony Meets Santa, Just for Kids series, a presentation of everyone's favorite Christmas music for the whole family, The Cohn at Dalhousie, Halifax

NEW BRUNSWICK

Dec. 3-23 — Paintings by John Richards, City of Saint John Gallery

Dec. 5 — Peter and the Wolf, Mermaid Theatre production incorporating mime, music, dance and puppetry, Woodstock Arts Council, Woodstock High School Theatre

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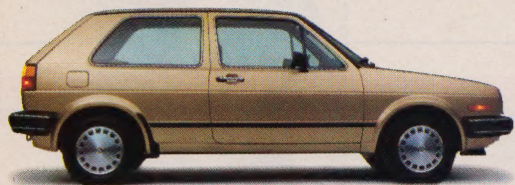
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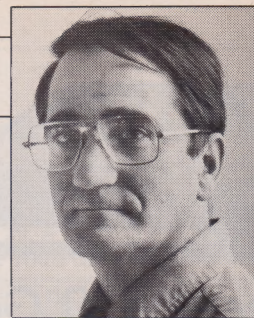


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QuisInc.—bilingual guide to NewfCult



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This is because the CBC has a branch office in St. John's. Thus local CBC minions are forced to flutter around a visiting Gzowski or Frum — snatching the crust from the lips of oneself — but QuisInc. gets the Frenchies of both public and private media.

Que. demands the standard "Terre Neuve" parcel while Ont. will have nothing but good old "Newfie Nouveau."

To illustrate. Paschal O'Toole is on a QuisInc. retainer, i.e., a bottle a day and a donation, in his mother's name, to the Salvation Army. His task is to eschew baths and provide "photo opportunities" for both our French and English clients and only his introduction differs.

French: "Regardez, un horny-handed, Dieu-fearing, piscator-person driven to la dégradation in the stews and shambles of 'Sin' John's because notre fisheries (make fishface here if client can hardly speak the Queen's) have been sadly neglected by our oil-crazed government... a government also crazy dans la tête over le hydro Churchill. Stills, \$9.99; videos, \$28.95 — drool for the nice persons, Pasch."

But for the English client: "Here's a once promising specimen of the New Newfoundland — three cantatas, two stage plays and an important threnody under his belt by age 20 plus some meaningful work with hubcaps and moose antlers — crushed now under the cultural chaos and sudden wealth of the Oil Boom."

You get the drift. The English-speaking hacks are looking into our Culture and Lifestyle which the French Dittos are down to see where les Jokes Newfie come from. The customer is always right.

We have few problems explaining "NewfCult" to our Toronto clients. Just never tell 'em it is only an invention of Sandra Gwyn conceived when her hormones went haywire. TorontoJourns know that "NewfCult" lives and if QuisInc. doesn't reassure them they dash off, yet again, to pester Chris and Mary Pratt.

Our French clients, on the other hand, know that Quebec has the only Culture in Canada worth a pinch of cochon's nastiness. Last place they look for some is here. "Les Newfs" have too much of the "Irelandais" in them to even blow up a mailbox, pour L'amour de Dieu!

Under "Most Popular Sports," our French package lists booze and incest. This merely confirms what they've been getting on their morning radio for years over their flakes de corn. Our stringer, O'Toole, will personally testify on this point. Sportif for a mere \$19.99 extra.

If we gave our English-speaking clients the same line we'd soon be out of business. They've hastily repented ethnic jokes. This occurred when they discovered there were enough Wops, Spics, Pakis, Pepsis, Wogs and Newfies in Toronto to rape and loot the whole of Rosedale.

So when a TorontJourn sees our Paschal O'Toole she doesn't make jokes: she, for penance, wants to take him back home to sculpt something huge and meaningful for the Eaton Centre.

Our politics is a bilingual favorite. Both groups are convinced it's something of which we have lots. The French think we're way behind; the English think we're far ahead.

"Yes, yes, oui, oui," reads the infopak we sell our amphibious clients. "Le Province Happy is right where La Belle Province was 18-20 years ago. Votre Duplessis — Notre Joey Petitbois. Eh? Mais oui! We are the new "Colored Persons Blancs" of Amérique du Nord! Certainement. Juste. Exactement."

This, along with a bit of the lingo chucked in free gratis, tickles their fancies no end. After that, you need say nothing more of politics in Newfoundland. Your French-speaking client will grab the ball and run with it for the next five hours.

As we warn all our QuisInc. salespersons: "Monsieur F. will probably take you to lunch to further explain Newfoundland politics to you. Just remember

we're 20 years behind the times here. To reassure him, order nothing but pea soup and sugar tarts — le customer always has raison."

Conversely, our English-speakers are a pain on Newfoundland politics. They think we must know something they don't — and hold up John Crosbie as irrefutable proof. If we call along our Good Soldier O'Toole to tell of his own experiences in the provincial Cabinet they take that for a piece of native wit and humor.

In fact, since your TorontJourn got a death grip on the idea of "NewfCult" he'll take damn nigh anything — except John C — for a piece of the above stated.

When it comes to our brilliant politics they'll take what comes — the Unique Devon-Wexford Mix is good along with 400 Years of Survival, Insular Ratlike Cunning, Rum, Sodomy and the Lash, the Elizabethan Threnody Tradition Preserved, Oral History and Hygiene, the Dogberry vs Rowan Theory, all on a graduated fee scale, of course.

And if the flesh grows weary and can't bear up under any more Torontonians transfer payments and/or free drinks, we at Quisling Enterprises neatly sidetrack the client from NewfPolitics.

"At this point tell clients," reads our standard operating manual, "that all our politics is humorous and all our humor is political. To illustrate, remark that Quebec and Newfoundland don't see eye to eye on Churchill Falls because they always put Descartes before the horsepower. Have O'Toole tumble off bar stool."

That doesn't work at all with *La Presse*. By this stage he's up to no good in le pissoir with le maid de bar. And 20 years from now, says he, les Terreneuviens will still be blowing up mailboxes, ha, ha, ha.

We at Quisling Enterprises can take all the humor gallic they can hand out as long as we get paid for it.

As Founder and Chairman of the Board I'm naturally quite proud of what our group has achieved so far. Former clients such as Farley and Claire Mowat are automatically strip-searched and turned back at Port aux Basques terminal and a *Globe and Mail* correspondent was stoned to death outside a motel in Twillingate. Success is our best advertisement.

As that old traditional NewfCult saying has it, "Arr, byes, modesty will get you nowhere and worse." Where's worse? Barefoot and pregnant in Halifax Airport on Christmas Eve. ☑

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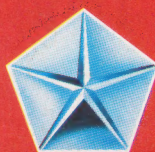


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